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IT MAY NOT BE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense!
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And early called, how blest are they,
Who wait in heaven their harvest day.

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

IN all St. Philipo there was no more beautiful picture than Violet in the balcony that evening.

She wore a cool dress of white that fitted her tall exquisite figure to perfection.

Over that, and over her golden head, she had draped a black lace mantilla, and she wore a spray of her favorite flower, the orange-blossom.

The golden stars were throbbing in the blue sky; the waters of the bay were so calm that each star was reflected in them; the night-wind was filled with perfume.

Presently some one else entered the balcony, and passed Violet with a profound bow—a tall manly figure, with broad shoulders and a broad chest.

She looked at him with some admiration; she could see him plainly by the light of the stars—a tall straight figure, a well-shaped head with clusters of brown hair, large gray eyes, a face clear cut as a cameo, intelligent and expressive.

He went to the other end of the balcony and stood looking over the deep silent waters of the bay.

"That must be Oscar Carstone," thought Violet—"a typical Englishman, tall, strong and fair."

Then came a lady, stout and comely, richly dressed in a grand brocade that rustled with every movement; jewels shone in her neck and fingers.

She took a seat in the balcony, and Violet remarked that she had a kind shrewd face, piercing dark eyes, dark hair fashionably arranged; yet, in spite of the brocade and the diamonds, the word "plebeian" was written on the stout comely person.

She, in her turn, looked at Violet's exquisite face and figure; then suddenly she rose, and went to where she was standing.

She made a very condescending bow, and looked into the lustrous eyes.

"We must dispense with introductions," she said, with a broad smile, "as there is no one to perform that ceremony for us. It seems such a pity to sit and watch this beautiful scene without speaking."

Violet made a bow that would have befitted a queen.

"You are very kind," she said.

And Mrs. Carstone looked up in wonder, both at the loveliness of the face and the sweetness of the voice.

"I am Mrs. Carstone," she said. "I am staying here with my husband and son. We came to St. Philipo to purchase antiquities."

"And I," said Violet, "am staying here with my husband, Mr. Randolph, who came in search of the picturesque."

A shade of disappointment passed over the comely face of the elder lady; she had thought this girl, who looked like a young empress, would have proved to be "somebody of consequence."

"An artist I suppose?" she said languidly.

"Yes," replied Violet proudly; "my husband is an artist."

There was a light on her face and in her eyes.

Mrs. Carstone saw that the young girl had a profound respect for the profession of her husband.

"Shall we go to the end of the balcony, Mrs. Randolph?" she said. "We shall see better there. Then, as they passed by the side of the young man, who was standing there, she added, "My son Oscar," by way of introduction.

So the three sat down together at the end of the balcony, the young man being already hopelessly in love with Violet's exquisite face.

"A beautiful scene," he said at length; "there is nothing approaching it to be found in England."

"Oh, Oscar do not say that! There is no place like home."

Mrs. Carstone had an occasional difficulty with her h's; but, as a rule, she was fairly successful.

"There is no place like home, Mrs. Randolph; and these fireworks, to my mind, will not compare with those so frequently to be seen at the Crystal Palace."

"Oh, mother," cried the son, with a sigh, "who would mention St. Philipo and the Crystal Palace in the same moment?"

"My son is so sentimental," said the comely lady. "Give me comfort first—let everything else give place to that. Do you not think that a very good doctrine, Mrs. Randolph?"

"I like comfort," said Violet; "but there are many things I prefer to it."

The quick gray eyes were turned upon her.

"No one could look at you, Mrs. Randolph, and believe that the doctrine of comfort is yours."

"What should you imagine my favorite doctrine to be?" asked Violet.

"Daring romance," he replied, after looking at her for a few minutes.

"You are sentimental," she said at last. "In all my life I have known no romance."

But as she said the words there came to her a recollection of the hour in which she had stood before her eager young lover with the scarlet geraniums glowing on her breast.

If that were not romance, it should have been. Her heart smote her and her pretty face flushed.

There was certainly everything conducive to romance in the circumstance of her marriage.

"Sentiment is one thing and sense another," said Mrs. Carstone; at which obvious platitude Violet laughed again.

Oscar Carstone turned to her.

"Do you remember Moore's fine old ballad—

> "'Common-sense and genius
> One night went out a rambling'?"

"Yes, I remember it. I like it very much," she replied.

"Give me common-sense!" said Mrs. Carstone.

"Give me genius!" cried her son; while Violet laughingly added—

"Give me a proper and judicious mixture of both!"

And the three deliverances were quite characteristic of the three people.

* * * * * *

"I am a self-made man," said Robert Carstone, "and I am proud to own it. I have carved my own fate, as the poets say; I have made myself what I am."

And Violet's beautiful eyes were raised to his face with such a look of exultation that Lord Ryvers longed to see him fall from the terrace into the lake below.

"That is what I like, what I admire!" she cried, clasping her pretty white hands. "I think every man is noble who is the architect of his own fortunes," she continued. "That which we win for ourselves must be much better than that which is given to us by others."

Lord Ryvers looked up quietly, but with a stern indignation in his face; he could not endure to hear such sentiments from those beautiful lips.

"Violet," he said, "would it not be better to talk about what you understand?"

Her face flushed at those, the first words of disapproval he had ever uttered to her.

Oscar had the bad taste to answer for her.

"I think Mrs. Randolph's ideas are perfectly just, and very generous."

The young heir of Ingleshaw felt indignant that "the artist" should contradict his sweet young wife, and on such a point too.

"The artist" contented himself by giving Oscar a look that made him at least uncomfortable.

This little scene took place one evening when the two English families had met on the great terrace that overlooked the ornamental lake.

Lord Ryvers's fear was realized—they had all grown intimate.

Violet liked good-natured, comely Mrs. Carstone, and merely laughed at her patronage; it did not hurt her, but very often amused her.

If Mrs. Carstone had been a lady of title, and had used the same patronizing manner to her, Violet would have rebelled hotly; but from the wife of that glorious piece of humanity a self-made man it did not come so much amiss.

Mrs. Carstone had a vast amount of worldly knowledge, which to Violet, brought up, as it were, outside the world, was most attractive; and Lord Ryvers, after a few days, ceased to make any objection to the intimacy.

It mattered but little, he thought; these people knew nothing of him, and were never likely to know anything.

In all human probability, when they left the hotel, they would never meet again; and, if his beautiful Violet liked to go out with them and enjoy herself with them, he certainly would not object.

Let her be happy in her own fashion; but he fervently hoped she would not expect him to care for them.

It was now for the first time really that he saw the great gulf between himself and wife.

He had all the instincts, the prejudices, the strong likes and dislikes of his class; she had the same, here being strengthened by the curious training she had received. It began to dawn upon him that he might as well try to change the color of her eyes or of her hair as to change the tone of her ideas and thoughts.

What she thought admirable in these people—their rise from the ranks, the fact of their being "self-made"—seemed to him more or less contemptible.

"You cannot have such a thing as a self-made gentleman," he said to her one day, when they were arguing the point. "The very term is a contradiction."

"I do not see why," she replied.

"Because you will not, Violet. You are justice and fairness itself on every other point but this one of class. A 'gentleman,' using the word in its true sense, is the result of generations of careful cultivation. A man may have gentlemanly instincts, yet not be a gentleman. The human race is, to say the least of it, quite as susceptible of cultivation as flowers. How much cultivation is required to change a weed into a flower?"

"Then I may suppose," said Violet saucily "that ordinary men are the weeds and gentlemen the flowers?"

"You exaggerate, my dear; but you must admit that generations of careful training, of cultivation, of refinement, must tell."

"They should: but I am not prepared to admit that it is so," she replied. "Randolph," she asked suddenly, "in your own mind, do you call yourself a gentleman?"

All the hot blood of his grand old race flushed in his face, his eyes flashed fire, his strong white hands were clenched; then he restrained himself: he had not wooed her *en gentilhomme*, and he owned himself caught in his own trap.

"I hope I am, Violet."

"You are not consistent then," she declared, delighted at rousing him. "You tell me a man can be a gentleman in the true sense of the word only when he belongs to an ancient and cultivated race. Now you claim for yourself the title of gentleman, yet you belong to no such race. You work for your living."

"Art ennobles all its followers," he replied loftily.

"Then you must have two kinds of gentlemen," she said.

"Violet," said her husband gently, "come and kiss me. Your lips are so sweet and the dimples so charming that it is a waste of time for you to use them in argument. Kiss me, and do not let us argue again."

She did as he desired, and then laughed heartily.

"That is a complete confession of defeat," she said; "nothing could be more complete. But we will not argue; we shall never agree on that point. Frankly, Randolph, I am a hundred times prouder because you can paint beautiful pictures than I should be if you were a nobleman."

"I quite believe it, Violet," he said meekly, with a little wonder as to how it would end, and what terrible thing she would do when she knew the truth.

For some few days they did not argue again, and during that time Violet had grown very intimate with the Carstones.

On this evening they met on the terrace, and Lord Ryvers with difficulty concealed his distaste for their society.

"That young artist seems to give himself great airs," said Oscar Carstone to his mother.

"Such people always do," replied the good lady, who rejoiced in platitudes, and knew as much of artists as she did of Arabs.

"I cannot think," said Oscar, "how he persuaded that beautiful girl to marry him."

"My dear, she is nobody," said Mrs Carstone, in a tone of remonstrance.

"She might be somebody," replied the son. "If she were in London, she would soon be somebody. The professional beauties would all be out-shone. I did not see a face in London like hers."

"She is a beautiful girl," allowed Mrs. Carstone.

Oscar looked very thoughtful.

"Mother," he said, "cultivate her; we have plenty of money, but no standing. Now, if we went to town, and could introduce a beautiful woman like Mrs. Randolph, we should become popular with her."

"I do not know whether she would let me introduce her," returned Mrs. Carstone; "although she is only an artist's wife, she is very proud."

"She would like it well enough," declared Oscar. "I am a good reader of char-

aster, and I understand her. Although her husband with his foolish notions about art, keeps her secluded, she loves the world and would enjoy it. It is true the husband would be a drawback. His manner is not to be compared with hers. In fact, I do not consider him well bred—he is too brusque."

"He is very high and mighty," said Mrs. Carstone. "I was talking to him yesterday and saying how pleased your father would be to give him a commission for painting some good pictures for the gallery at Ingleshaw, and I was frightened. He looked at me savagely, as though he would hate me."

"I do not like him; but I like his wife," said Oscar; "and, if you want to attract London society, mother, ask her to visit you in town next year. She is no languid beauty either. How bright and animated she is! I saw my father laugh this morning as he seldom laughs while she was talking to him."

So it happened that, after this brilliant suggestion of Oscar's that Mrs. Randolph should, by her beautiful face, open the gates of society to the family, Mrs. Carstone sought her more assiduously than ever. Seeing the young husband and wife on the terrace, she, with her son and husband, joined them.

It was then, with a thumb in each armhole of his waistcoat and his chest well spread out, that Mr. Carstone said, "I am a self-made man;" it was then that Violet looked up with enthusiastic face and admiring eyes; it was then, for the first time, that the adoring young husband felt really angry with her, and realized that his wife's feelings were more in unison with those of the Carstones than with his own.

"I am not going to say anything against the aristocracy and nobility of this land," continued the retired corn-factor. "In my humble opinion many of them are merely old women, and most of them no better than they should be. But, if you want to know the class of men that make the sinews and muscles of old England, I say, sir it is the self-made men, and I am proud to call myself one."

"Those are my very thoughts, Mr. Carstone," cried Violet delightedly; "you have just put them into words."

And she did not observe how dark was the frown that spread over the high-bred face of her husband.

"You will allow every man to form his own opinion on that as well as on every other point," said Lord Ryvers courteously.

"Oh, certainly, every man may think as he likes!" replied Richard Carstone.

"Then you must allow me most emphatically to contradict you. I believe, if you want to find the sinews and muscles of old England, you will find them amongst the grand old races whose fathers fought and bled for the liberties which have made England what she is."

"Therein we differ," said the corn-factor slowly.

"Why, Richard," interrupted his comely wife, "no one loves a lord better than you do! How delighted you were when Lord Brooke shook hands with you at Batwell!"

Richard Carstone for one minute looked slightly red and uncomfortable. He could not deny the fact.

"My dear," he said, "while a lord is an English institution we must respect him."

"For my part," declared his wife, "I am like Mr. Randolph; I admire the aristocracy, and I should like to be one of them. As for your beautiful young wife here, Mr. Randolph, she is far more fitted to be a duchess than an artist's wife."

The very grandeur of his bow dismayed the good-natured lady.

"If I did not know he was an artist, I should say he was an earl at least," she said to herself. "I never saw such a high way with any one before."

"Give me a self-made man!" continued the complacent corn-factor. "A man who has made his money enjoys spending it. What is more, he enjoys touching it. I do. It is a pleasure to me to take up a handful of sovereigns."

"If you heard a nobleman boast in that fashion of his rank or his title, what would you think of him?" asked Lord Ryvers.

"Think of him!" replied Mr. Carstone, growing very red in the face. "I should think he had very little to boast of."

"And I," said Lord Ryvers quietly, "think that the self-made man has still less.

So it rose—in the beautiful sunlit evening—the cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

How dark it was to grow, how widely spread, none of the five standing there together on the terrace could foresee.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Carstones were of a type common enough in those days.

"The self-made man," as Mr. Carstone so proudly called himself, had started with the usual sixpence in his pocket, and had risen by degrees from the rank of errand-boy to the positions of porter, clerk, confidential manager, and finally partner, in one of the largest businesses in England.

He had worked hard, honestly and, well; he was marvellously shrewd and wonderfully sure in all his transactions; he was scrupulously honest—and in business honesty is perhaps the best capital.

After many years of hard industry, he retired thinking that he should enjoy the remainder of his life in quite a new capacity.

He was exceedingly rich.

Looking at his gains, he marvelled at them.

He had but one child, Oscar, and to him the corn-factor had given the best education possible.

If he erred at all in that direction, it was that he had rather over-educated him.

In his heart Richard Carstone longed for daughters.

He was one of those men never so happy as when surrounded by pretty women; but when he realized what his life's work had done for him, he was well pleased that he had a son and heir.

He had recently purchased a fine estate, call Ingleshaw, although it was not precisely the abode one would have thought suitable for a self-made man.

It was a magnificent old mansion standing in the midst of extensive grounds.

It had none of the newness that is at times so dear to the soul of the newly rich.

The choice of Ingleshaw was due to the influence of Oscar.

"There is nothing like antiquity, father," he said: "by the time my children succeed, it will seem as though our family had lived here for hundreds of years. The corn will be forgotten."

And it was strangely inconsistent with the theories of the self-made man that this influenced him.

Ingleshaw was purchased.

Oscar declared that there was a strange fitness in the name—"the Carstones of Ingleshaw"—and, after a few weeks, Ingleshaw became the very pride of the old man's life.

He was fortunate enough to meet with a house decorator and finisher who spoke his mind.

"Do not spoil that place, sir, with new furniture and gilding," he said; "it will be quite out of keeping. Everything must match the house. You want old tapestry, old carvings, old china, old furniture, antiques of all kinds; you want Oriental bronzes, grand enamels, old buhl-work; you want ancient plate, quaint old German glass, and ancient armor."

"All of which," replied Richard Carstone solemnly, "I will have. But where and how shall I get them?"

"I will get some on commission; the rest you can purchase."

And it was when making inquiries as to them that Richard Carstone heard about the old-fashioned town of St. Philipo, that treasury of hidden art.

"You can buy anything there," said his informant—"vases and jasper and malachite, china that once belonged to the famous Du Barry, pictures by the old masters."

In fact, there was no end to the art-treasures of St. Philipo.

Richard Carstone never dreamed that it was in the scroll of fate that here his life and the fortunes of a noble English family should meet and cross.

He went to St. Philipo, taking with him his comely good-humored wife and his son Oscar, of whose opinon he stood in no little awe.

A few thousands, more or less, were nothing to him, and he meant to make Ingleshaw famous.

"They shall see what a self-made man can do with his money, Oscar," he said. "I will put some of their old houses to shame."

He was looked upon as a perfect godsend by the shopkeepers of St. Philipo.

Of course they called him "milord"; and it was strange, for a self-made man, how the title delighted him—indeed, when addressed as "milord," he never disputed the price of an article, nor found it too high, a fact which was soon discovered.

He had made a magnificent collection, and had spent a small fortune.

He had not cared much for St. Philipo; it was not the style of place for him at all; and when Lord Ryvers came to the hotel he was delighted.

There would be some one to join himself and Oscar at the solitary billiard-table. But the "artist" did not seem to appreciate the honor and condescension.

"Holds himself pretty high," he said to his son; "but then, no doubt, he is a genius. Many of those painters are, I suppose."

And his son told him the story of the French king who had picked up the brush a great painter had let fall, and the retired corn-factor looked somewhat doubtful.

A king is a king.

Still, in spite of many rebuffs, he persisted in courting the society of the supposed young artist.

"He might be such a help to us Oscar," he said, "if you only speak out. I like him, in spite of his high and mighty fashion."

But Lord Ryvers never would speak; when his opinion was asked on works of art or pictures, he either avoided the subject or gave a careless answer. The corn-factor would glance ruefully from him to his son.

"If he would but speak out!" he then sighed.

There was no particular good feeling between the young men.

Lord Ryvers did not like Oscar, and the dislike was returned with interest. The party would not have held together long but for the two ladies; and they were excellent friends.

Violet really liked Mrs. Carstone, and was amused and interested when with her; and Mrs. Carstone had a real affection for the young girl whom her son called "a beauty wasted."

The Carstone family caused many disagreements between husband and wife.

One afternoon, when they were all together, Oscar said to Violet—

"How much you like orange-blossoms! I see you always wear them."

"They are my favorite flowers," she said, "orange-blossoms and Lenten lilies."

The next day Oscar, when he returned from some neighboring city, brought with him a magnificent bouquet of orange-blossoms, the largest, finest, and most fragrant it was possible to find.

Violet was charmed with it. She hastened with it to her husband.

"Oh, Randolph, see! Look up, dear! See what beautiful flowers that good Mr. Oscar Carstone has brought for me!"

Perhaps for a very loving, slightly jealous young husband it was not the most pleasant thing in the world to see his wife's young face brightening over the gift of another man.

Lord Ryvers, usually one of the sweetest-tempered men in the world, frowned angrily.

"Did that snob bring you those flowers, Violet? How dare he take such a liberty?"

"What did you call him, Randolph?" asked his wife.

"Never mind what I called him; I say it is a liberty, and you ought not to have taken them."

He always thought of his wife as Lady Ryvers of Ryverswell, and expected people to treat her with the consideration due to her rank.

He was apt to forget that that great rank was hidden from the eyes of every one else.

"The world must change for me," said Violet, "before I consider it a liberty for a gentleman to bring me flowers, or before I should be so foolish to refuse them."

"I would not care if the man were a gentleman," cried Lord Ryvers.

"My dear Randolph," said his wife, "you forget that he holds a higher position than we do."

If she had struck him in the face, he could not have recoiled more.

Again the hot, impatient blood of his race rose to his brow; again he controlled the angry words that rose from his heart to his lips.

"You are not a competent judge," he said slowly.

"I am."

Violet swept him a curtsey that would have done honor to a grand-duchess. Lord Ryvers went on angrily—

"The man presumes to admire you, Violet; and you know it."

"You did the same thing, and you consider yourself a good judge," laughed Violet.

"That is quite a different matter," replied Lord Ryvers hotly. "The admiration of a man of that class is an insult."

"I do not think so," said Violet calmly; "and I do not understand your constant allusions to 'class.'"

Lord Ryvers turned away abruptly; in another moment he would have betrayed his carefully-guarded secret.

He could not endure even half-angry words from the lips he loved.

He silently resolved that he would never argue with her again; but he would speak to that "young snob" himself.

Violet was young, so simple, and had seen so little of the world, that, even if he made love to her she would not know it.

"This is the worst of all my quixotic ideas," he said to himself. "It brings me into contact with this kind of people, and every instinct of my nature rises against them."

He would not own to himself that he was jealous—the very idea was preposterous.

Jealous of the son of a retired corn-factor!

Surely the ancient race of Ryvers would blush for him.

Certainly he was not jealous; yet there was a very warm flush on his face, an angry light in his eye.

"I shall certainly put a stop to it," said Lord Ryvers to himself. "If he had brought her any other flowers except orange-blossoms, it would not have seemed so marked. It is intolerable!"

He was jealous.

He followed Oscar Carstone with angry eyes.

He waited his opportunity for speaking, and, when they were in the billiard-room of the hotel, he said abruptly—

"One word with you, Mr. Oscar Carstone."

"Twenty, if you like, Mr. Artist," was the reply.

"I have a name, sir," said Lord Ryvers.

"And a profession; probably the profession is the nobler of the two," retorted Oscar who was beginning to dislike the artist most cordially.

"I want one word with you," repeated Lord Ryvers coolly. "I object to that very strongly, to your presenting flowers to Mrs. Randolph."

"Why, may I ask?"

"That is my affair; I object to it. Mrs. Randolph"—he could not bring himself to say "my wife"—"is very young, and is as simple as a child. I know the world myself, and object to floral flirtations."

"I heard Mrs. Randolph say that she liked orange-blossoms, and, seeing some very fine ones, I brought them to her. I see nothing but a common act of courtesy in fact," declared Oscar.

"We do not all see these matters in the same light," said Lord Ryvers; "and my wish is to be respected."

"If you choose to deprive your wife of such simple little pleasure, it does not affect me," sneered Oscar. "I am only sorry that you find it needful."

Hot words and blows would have followed, but that some strangers came into the room.

From that hour it was not dislike, but hatred that existed between the two.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I SHOULD take no notice of it, Oscar," said Mrs. Carstone, "I have always thought he was jealous. Not that you have given him any cause. Most probably the young man has never been in such society as ours, and does not understand the little acts of courtesy so natural between ladies and gentlemen. I myself have always thought the custom of presenting flowers very harmless."

"He gives himself the airs of a grand duke!" cried the indignant Oscar. "The idea of saying that he would not tolerate a floral flirtation! If I had my own way—But for her sake I must be silent and say nothing."

"That will be best," replied his mother. "Young men always quarrel where a pretty woman is concerned."

"Mother," said Oscar feelingly, "do not call Mrs. Randolph a pretty woman. It jars upon me."

"What is she, my dear?"

"She is perfectly, superbly beautiful," he cried, with enthusiasm, "and far too good for that——"

"Nay, Oscar—say no more about him," interrupted Mrs. Carstone.

"I will not, mother; but, as sure as the sun shines above us, I will repay him for his insolence!"

And in the time to come he kept his word.

Meanwhile letters from England became more urgent.

The Dowager Lady Ryvers, quite unconscious that she was a dowager, wrote to her son continually.

She was growing anxious concerning his absence.

It was quite unnatural that he should stay from home with such a brilliant career before him.

She could not understand it; and she had confided to her married daughter, the Countess of Lester, that she feared there was some entanglement.

But the Countess reassured her.

Randolph was the last person in the world to associate with anything of that kind; she said his devotion to art was his grand preservation.

"There is a silver lining to every cloud, mamma," said the Countess. "It seems most deplorable that Randolph should devote a life that ought to have been given to other duties to painting. But, after all, art purifies and exalts those who love it. You need fear no entanglement for him."

"Heaven grant that you are right my dear!" said the anxious mother. "Any disappointment with regard to Randolph would be my death; all my hopes are centred in him."

"You will have none, mamma," the Countess of Lester assured her.

Still Lady Ryvers looked anxious.

"Randolph has always had peculiar ideas," she said.

"True, mamma; but they were always the ideas of a gentleman. You know that to the very core of his heart Randolph is a gentleman."

"I know it," said Lady Ryvers gently. "Still I shall be very pleased when he returns."

She wrote again and again; but the letter that really roused the young man from his dream was the one in which she suggested that, if he had really found such charming quarters that he could not leave them, the best thing would be for her to visit him.

Then he knew that he must take active measures soon.

Lord Ryvers was not quite happy; there were shadows in the eyes that had once been all light and love, lines on the beautiful face which should not have appeared for many years yet.

Life was not quite the dream of happiness that he had hoped it would be.

He had given up all the world for love, but love had not paid him.

He found himself in a terrible dilemma. He dreaded telling his secret to Violet, whose ideas and opinions seemed to grow stronger every day, and he dreaded giving his mother pain.

Still he was too loyal even to ask himself whether he had done an unwise thing. If it were to be done over again, with double the risk, double the difficulty, he would do it—for Violet was all the world to him.

There was some doubt in his mind as to how he should get though his difficulties; but he was not troubled with regret.

He was thinking deeply, when Violet came into his studio.

"Randolph," she said, "you are busy this morning?"

"Never too busy to attend to you, my darling," he replied. "What do you want?"

"If you are engaged, and do not really wish me to sit with you, I should like to go out with Mrs. Carstone."

"Where is she going?" was the natural question.

"To visit some friends who have just taken one of those beautiful villas on the hill," she replied.

"English people?" he asked.

"Yes; but I forget the name. I should like to go; Mrs. Carstone says they are such nice people."

The handsome face grew dark.

"It seems to me, Violet," he said gently, "that you pay but little heed to my wishes. I have told you so often that I do not wish for any English acquaintances."

"I think my feelings and inclinations are

to be considered as well as yours," she replied. "I like English people, and no other."

He looked perplexed: then he crossed the room to where she was standing.

"Let my wishes prevail in this instance, Violet," he said gently. "Believe me, I have good reasons. I do not like the Carstones, and do not care to know their friends. Be your own sweet self, and please me by not accompanying Mrs. Carstone this morning."

But she had still lingering in her ears Oscar's half-laughing, half-taunting words when his mother gave her the invitation.

"It is of no use, mother," he had cried laughingly. "Our friend the artist is quite a Bluebeard; he will not let her go."

"Nonsense!" Violet had rejoined, with some little vexation. "Just as though I could not go where I liked!"

And now his words were verified.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lost Husband.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

CAPTAIN VAUGHAN went down with the ship."

That was the report that reached home when the news came of the loss of the good ship "Beatrice," off the Sandwich Islands, in a great storm.

"The life-boats were lowered and filled, and while the captain stood upon the quarter-deck, commanding the loading of the boats, the ship sank."

There was much more description in the papers that I had obtained for an hour or two from a file of three years back.

Three years passed in sickness, exile, and more poverty, before I obtained a passage upon a homeward-bound vessel, and landed in London.

For I am Captain Vaughan, who went down with the ship "Beatrice."

The rush of the storm comes to me in my sleep, as it came to me when I sank, with Clara's name upon my lips, never hoping to rise again.

But rise I did in the blackness of night, and catching a floating spar, kept above the angry waves till the storm lulled and daylight crept over the waters.

It was many hours later when I was picked up by a disabled French vessel with the fever raging aboard, and short of hands from its fatal ravages.

I gave willing work there, till the fever fastened its cruel grip upon me, and I tossed in delirium while we took in a cargo of gums and spices, had the vessel repaired, and was still unconscious of all around me, while she sailed away, leaving me.

All my savings were invested in the "Beatrice," and although she was well insured, I could not draw the money in the Sandwich Islands.

It would be too long a story to detail all the miseries and hardships of those three years, until I landed, and sat in a newspaper office, reading an account of the wreck and my own obituary.

I had worked my passage from my last port, and had my wages in the pocket of my coarse sailor's suit, and I was waiting for a train to take me to the village that was my home.

Home! Clara!

Those were the words that braced my heart for all the rough encounters of the past three years, and yet, within a few hours' ride of them, my courage was failing me.

What might not have happened in three years?

Death might have come—sickness and poverty.

I was not a young man, having reached my fiftieth year.

My beard and whiskers were dappled with grey, and my face was bronzed by exposure.

In my youth they called me handsome, and my form was still straight, my teeth firm and white, my eyes large and bright in spite of the snow on my hair, and the fifty years scored in my life.

Clara was much younger.

Five years before the day when I landed, I married her for true love's sake—my first love and my last.

She was the daughter of a fellow townsman, who was my true friend for years, and from the time when she was a baby, Clara had been called my "little wife."

Every time I returned from a voyage, my cabin was stored with presents for Clara, till her father's cottage was a perfect museum of foreign curiosities, and her wardrobe was the envy of all the girls of her acquaintance in the village.

When she was nineteen, I asked her to be my wife in truth, as she had been so long in name.

She looked frightened at first.

A few days later she put her little hand in mine, and promised to be my true, faithful wife.

We took a year's cruise on the "Beatrice" for a wedding trip, and two months after we came came home a blue-eyed babe lay upon Clara's breast.

I loitered at home for nearly six months, and then, kissing wife and child for farewell, wringing my father-in-law's hand hard, I left once more to start upon that illfated voyage.

After reading the whole report of the wreck, I came to the conclusion that I had no business to be alive.

No one, with the tales of the eye-witnesses, the letters from the few who were saved, the evidence on all sides, could ever believe that I, Richard Vaughan, captain of the "Beatrice," could be still in existence.

But there I was, and a few hours later I would be home.

But it seemed as if the chapter of my misfortunes was never to be finished, for the train met with an accident, and we were kept all night upon the line.

So it happened that the church bells were ringing for Sunday morning service when at last, after a two-mile walk, I entered the village of G——, my home—the home of my dear wife.

It occurred to me at once that if I followed the little stream of people entering the church, I might see if my wife and her father were alive.

They would be in church probably.

But I did not wish to startle Clara, by rising suddenly from my grave in the sea, so I stole into a quiet corner and watched the people as they came in.

My heart beat so fast, it seemed to suffocate me, as I saw her come at last, her close widow's cap shading her nut-brown hair and her pale cheeks.

Never had I seen that dear face so sad and so white.

She grieved for me!

Her black dress had no sign of returning brightness about it, being sombre and heavy, with a long crape veil hanging from the black bonnet.

My wife! my little love!

How I longed to spring out, fold her in my arms, and see the brightness come back to her bonny brown eyes, and the delicate flush to her cheeks.

But I would not!

The first meeting was too sacred for all these curious eyes to witness.

So I nestled against the pillar that screened me, kept my hand over my eyes, and listened to the service.

It was all over, and the congregation were rustling in their seats, when the clergyman read distinctly the banns between—"George Hudson and Clara, window of the late Captain Richard Vaughan."

The whole place reeled and grew black before me.

If I did not actually faint, I lost all note of time and place, till the pew-opener shook me gently, and I looked up to find we were alone in the church.

I reeled out upon the porch, hearing but not heeding the man's comment—

"A drunken sailor."

But in the air, a mad desire to face my wife, to know if I was in truth, so utterly forgotten, seized me.

I remembered well having heard of George Hudson, although I had never seen him.

His father was a manufacturer of considerable wealth, and the owner of a superb residence, newly built, when I was last at home.

The son was then abroad, but report represented him as a very handsome, accomplished man of twenty-three, courtly as was to be expected from a city-bred son of a wealthy man.

He was nearer Clara's age than I was; was he also nearer her heart than her old husband had ever been?

I hurried over the familiar road, to urging myself with these questions, and I must have rushed over the ground at headlong speed, for before I reached the cottage I saw a little black-robed figure ahead of me, that I recognized at once.

Again the instinct that warned me to spare her the shock of my sudden appearance, made me pause and allow her to enter the gate in front of the cottage, while I stole round the fence and went in the rear gate.

From a clump of shrubbery, covered thickly with summer foliage, I, well hidden, could see and hear all that passed in the cottage parlor.

My father-in-law was there when I first looked in, alone, reading a paper with his eyes restlessly watching for someone to come.

I did not mean to be an eavesdropper.

I scarcely know why I waited, hidden and watchful, for Clara to come.

When she did come, it was with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, such as I had never seen before.

Her voice too was raised to an angry pitch of excitement quite new to me.

"Father," she cried, "who has dared to tell Mr. Gates to read the banns between George Hudson and myself?"

"I did!" was the short reply.

"You!—you!"

"Yes, I did. You have trifled with Mr. Hudson long enough."

"I never trifled with him."

"He has asked you twice to be his wife."

"And I have twice refused that honor."

"But you shall marry him! He is rich and will take you to his home. You cannot refuse him now that the banns are published."

"Father, father, how could you?"

"Pray, what are your objections to Mr. Hudson? Is he not young?"

"Yes."

"Handsome?"

"Yes."

"Of good moral character?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what can you find to object to? Not want of money, surely?"

All the excitement was gone from Clara's face.

She she seemed to feel stilled by the net gathering around her, for she pressed her hand to her heart as if in pain.

In a dull tone she she said, wearily—

"I will never marry Mr. Hudson. I do not love him."

"Come, that is a stale excuse. You made the same when you refused to be Captain Vaughan's wife."

Refused to be my wife!

Was that, too, her father's doing?

Had she been tricked, then?

My heart was sick as I leaned against a tree near me, and listened to what further was to come.

The sweet voice I loved rang out firm and clear.

"You are right, father; I did not love Captain Vaughan when you threatened to turn me from your house if I refused him.

"I was but a child, and had my own romantic dreams of a hero, young and brave, who was to come and make a rosy heaven of love for me.

"I respected Captain Vaughan, and gave him an affection such as a child might give an indulgent uncle, but I did not love him as I dreamed I could love."

I groaned aloud as my wife spoke; but not hearing me, she continued—

"But if I did not love my husband when you forced me to marry him, at least I did him no wrong.

"If my heart was not his, it was free; I loved no one else.

"He took me away—you know from what tyranny and cruel exactions he took me."

"Upon my word, you are complimentary."

"I speak the truth. Captain Vaughan took me into his great, noble heart, as something to cherish, to love.

"He gave me every wish of my heart, and gave it tenderly, lovingly.

"He wrapped my whole life in the sunshine of that love, till out of my gratitude, my happiness, my deep, deep content, was born an answering love.

"Before we had been six months on the sea together, our world the ship, I loved my husband with faithful, enduring love, such as even in my girlish dreams I had never given my ideal hero."

"Very romantic!" sneered the old man, and I wondered what I had ever found to like in him.

"Then my baby came," said Clara, "and my child's father became to me dearer, if possible, than my husband had been. You know what I suffered when Dick left me.

"You know the long agony of sickness, the weary, hopeless struggles back to life that followed the cruel news of my husband's death. But for my babe I must have died."

Great choking sobs were interrupting Clara as she spoke, but she hurried on—

"I lived for my child, and God took that too from me.

"I only ask now that he will take me soon to Heaven, where my dear ones are."

There was a long silence.

Then my father-in-law, in a harsh voice, said—

"You will be the laughing stock of the place, if you refuse to marry George Hudson now."

"I shall refuse him! This very trick has turned the indifference I felt before, to a loathing and contempt I will never overcome."

Then with a sudden, piteous wail, she cried out—

"Oh, my husband, my own dear husband why are you not here to love and protect me?"

I could not bear the pleading in her voice.

Unmindful now of the danger of startling her, anxious only to take her from the tyranny that oppressed her young life, I stepped from my hiding-place, and went to the porch.

As my footstep rang out there, Clara grew deadly pale, her breath suspended, her eyes dilated with a fearful hope.

Breathlessly she listened till I stood in the doorway, when with a great cry of rapture, she sprang into my open arms, and fainted there.

Her father, sitting bolt upright, stared, as if I had been a ghost—as indeed I had a right to be.

I carried Clara off before his eyes, across the hall to our own room, and there I won life back to her white face and stilled pulse.

She could only cry, nestled close in my arms, for a long, long time, but her weeping was so quiet, and she clung to me so happily, that I, like an old fool, let tears fall from my own eyes upon her soft hair.

When she had wept herself quiet, she told me of our baby, and how the whole world seemed dark and desolate to her when it died.

Then she kissed me, and bidding me not to stir, she vanished behind the great armchair in which I was seated.

She moved softly to and fro there, and suddenly came in front of me, all dressed in soft white muslin, with knots of blue ribbon at her throat and in her hair, and the gold ear-rings and brooch I had given her shining in their places.

"I will wear black no more, now you are come," she said.

"I cannot mourn, even for my baby, when Heaven has sent my husband back to me."

That old hypocrite, my father-in-law, had recovered by that time, and pretended to be delighted to see me.

But we have had separate establishments since that time, for I went to sea no more.

The very mention of it made Clara turn faint.

We invested the insurance money in a good farm, and live our happy, peaceful life there, with two little ones who came to replace the blue eyed babe who died during my long exile.

How George Hudson bore his disappointment I never knew.

My miraculous arrival was a nine-day wonder, but George Hudson was seen no more after the return of the lost husband.

Bric-a-Brac.

EARWIGS.—There is no ground for the terror inspired by earwigs. No medical case is recorded of mischief from them, and oil or brandy would instantly kill, or expel them; while they can in no case penetrate beyond the external orifice.

SMOKE AND FIRE.—In one respect the Corean seem to be ahead of us Westerns. The smoke from the fire in their kitchens is made to pass through flues underneath the rest of the house, and although the chimney is projected in an ingenuous way into the street, the whole building is warmed by a limited expenditure of fuel.

SAINTS' NAMES.—The confusion caused by a number of different places in the same country bearing the same name is nowhere more felt than in Brazil. In that empire there are thirty-five towns and villages called Santa Cruz, and as many as one hundred and seventy-two named Santa Anna, seventeen Santa Isabel, forty-six Santa Rita, and twenty-four Santa Maria.

FINER THAN SILK.—A scientific experimenter once drew out from the body of a single spider 3450 yards of thread or spider silk—a length a little short of three miles. Silk may be woven of spider's thread, and it is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silk worm, being of a golden color. An enthusiastic entomologist secured enough of it for the weaving of a suit of clothes for Louis XIV.

THE OYSTER.—An oyster that is three or four years old can lay every year about twenty millions of egg. It is obvious that, if all these could be turned to account, the oyster, so far from being the pearl of great price it is *now*, would be had in the street for barely what would pay carriage and catching, like the whelk or the mussel, and that in the sea it would become a positive nuisance, and would in a few years build up submarine reefs as it does in America.

SLEIGHT OF HEELS.—A man who professed to be able to give a startling wizard performance, got a \$50 house in a Mexican town, and then saying that he would show the assemblage a trick that would open their eyes, termed "The Mystic Man, or the Disappearance," he brought out a large box and said, "I will now shut myself up in this box; the trick is to find me." Five minutes later everybody knew that he had escaped from the rear with the receipts of the evening and a coat belonging to an employe in the theatre.

BORROWED PLUMAGE.—It is related of a man living not far from Lewiston, Maine, that he was about to be married, but the state of his finances precluded the purchase of a new suit of clothes for the occasion, so he resorted to diplomacy. He went to a clothing store and selecting an appropriate suit told the proprietor that he would like to take them home, and if his family liked them he would pay for them. The proprietor agreed to this proposal. The man returned the next morning, radiant and bland, saying his folks did not like the clothes, and thought he had better not keep them. The groom, however, was the best dressed man at the wedding.

"I HAVE A CROW TO PLUCK WITH YOU."—The children of the wealthy families among the Greeks and Romans frequently kept birds for their amusement, and among these the crow was very often found. In their childish quarrels the boys used to pull the feathers out of each other's pets, as a means of making them and their owners ridiculous. No doubt the crow very violently resented this indignity; but still the fact is preserved for us in the phrase "I have a crow to pluck with you," and the selection of him as the specimen bird is a compliment to the crow, in so far as it proves that, in his case, to the gratification of irritating his owner was added the excitement of avoiding the angry resentment of the insulted bird.

SPINACH AND APPLE.—In the debating-clubs of German universities there is a rule prohibiting two kinds of argument from being used in discussion. The one consists in saying, "I am very glad not to think as you do;" and it is called the spinach argument, in recollection of a famous bit of reasoning once used by a lady—"I am very glad that I don't like spinach, because, if I did, I should always be having some for dinner, and I can't bear it." The other forbidden formula is that which reminds a speaker that he has altered his opinions; and it is styled the apple argument, because an apple, being twitted with having changed its color, is said to have answered that "it is only bad fruit that remains always green."

A SKYE MARRIAGE.—A marriage is an occasion of great festivity in Skye. The bridegroom must furnish his bride with a new dress, and the bridesmaid with one exactly similar, beside giving presents to other members of the family. A copious supply of whisky is provided, and it is considered very discreditable if the supply proves insufficient. The married crofters have numerous families, and not long ago one good matron at Waternish presented her husband with three at a birth, for which she received the unusual royal bounty. A common number is from eight to ten, and some have as many as fifteen. Few children die, as they are wonderfully exempt from epidemics common to young people. Some children look fresh and rosy, while others are more sickly; but generally grow rapidly after the age of fourteen, turning out strong and healthy men and women partially lose their beauty; but still, when dressed, as they sometimes are, in a tasteful style, they look well, and live to a good old age.

MEMORY'S HALO.

BY M. B. S.

Sometimes when heart is weary with the strife
Of life existence in this world below,
A radiant beam of sun with treasures rife
Forecasts the shadow with its gladsome glow.

Perhaps a gentle touch of lips so sweet
Will drive the burden from my soul away,
And render life again fondly complete,
And brighten up the sorrow of the day.

Maybe the memory of some tender hand
"Laid on the weary brow in time ago,"
Will still the murmuring of grief's command
Into serene and peaceful ebb and flow.

Lightly the shades will rest upon my heart,
When mem'ries fond of days gone by,
With all their gentleness and joy impart
A glory like some halo from the sky.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—[CONTINUED.]

"WHAT assistance do you expect me to give?" Matilda asked. "It is impossible for me to advise that unhappy young creature, unless I knew her previous history.

"I can divine from what you say, and the hints that escaped her, that she has been cruelly wronged.

"It does not follow that her position would be better as your wife.

"Has she no parents, or have they cast her off?"

"Her father would rather see her in her grave than disgraced," replied Hugh; "he would have very little pity, even for an only child, who had thus brought dishonor on his name.

"Her mother is a weak, vain, meddling fool.

"Winifred fled from home in terror, and but for my accidentally meeting with her, would have died rather than return to face her father's bitter displeasure, and her mother's taunts and lamentations.

"I tell you I have known them for many years.

"I knew all the circumstances, and the girl has no choice but marrying me—or—death."

"I would shelter her so long as she needed a home," said Matilda.

Hugh repressed an oath that rose to his lips, and said, in his quietest tone—

"And how long would that be, do you suppose?"

There was no reply, and he continued—"You know well that the child would never hold up her head again with her disgrace, and her parents' curse upon her.

"Let her marry me, and she shall be restored to her parents' favor; have a good home, an honest name, and——"

"A husband she hated," said Matilda.

Woman-like, Miss Pearce could not resist sending a shaft that would cut home, though she might be forced to yield at last to her adversary's superior position.

"It is a choice of a rapid or slow death for the poor girl," she continued.

"I hardly know which is the most merciful."

Hugh's teeth gnashed together, but he would not give any other evidence of the bitter mortification he swore inwardly to revenge.

"Perhaps your own interest will settle the knotty point, Miss Pearce," said; "only it will be as well to decide at once. I am not particularly distinguished for patience."

"I will tell you in the morning," she said.

"I cannot allow Winifred to be disturbed to-night; and, till to-morrow, I will now bid you good-bye.

"The servant will bring you some supper in the other room."

She rose, and, quietly ringing the bell, led the way from the apartment, followed sullenly by Hugh.

Then, turning the key in the lock, she bowed coldly, and went upstairs.

There was a struggle, long and severe, in that determined woman's heart that night.

But, alas for Winifred! the tempter's sophistry prevailed.

The evils were so nearly balanced to the unhappy victim, that it was surely no crime to let her own interest, or rather the vengeance which her lover's murdered corpse cried for at her hands, decide her course.

Surely it was better for Winifred herself to be an avowed and respectable wife, and a pardoned daughter, even though Hugh Evans was the husband who was to secure her these advantages.

Matilda's instinctive sense of right was smothered under this one overpowering desire of her life.

Once more poor Winifred's evil star was in the ascendant.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IT was the afternoon of the following day a bright, cold February day, deceitful in its aspect as human hopes, and too often human beings, prove to be.

The blinds of the room, where Winifred had lain for so many weary days and weeks of sickness, were drawn up to admit the warm sunbeams.

The curtains were drawn back from their former shade over the windows, and an air of greater cheerfulness and strict order pervaded the apartment than could have been consistent with the requirements of an invalid.

The girl herself had been dressed for the first time, and was placed in a large easy-chair by the fire, well supported with pillows and footstool, and fortified for the approaching trial by strong beef-tea and wine administered by Matilda's care.

That preparing of the victim for sacrifice, that strengthening the frame to enable the mind to meet its coming torture, was almost cruel kindness.

Matilda persuaded herself that she was doing her best for Winifred as well as for herself.

In spite of the wan delicacy of her face, and the thinness of the once rounded cheeks, very lovely did the poor child look.

Her large soft eyes were even more dove-like than before in their pensive sadness, her skin more transparently pure, and her lovely mouth more touching sweet.

What a being to be the wife of the coarse hard man, whose visit she was now tremblingly expecting!

"Dear child, be advised," whispered Matilda, as she kissed her on leaving the apartment to summon Hugh.

"Listen calmly to what he has to say, and remember how few among us ever realize their own bright dreams.

"After all, your anguish has not been so hard to bear as mine.

"You have not known the scorching, hardening fires of revenge in your heart. Be thankful that you are made in a softer mould—you can forgive."

She left the room as she spoke, and Winifred lay back on her pillows, her heart beating wild and quick, and her color changing every moment with agitation and terror.

Still, the very weakness of her frame, and the hopelessness of her position, deadened in some measure the feelings that would in former days have destroyed any attempt at composure.

"It mattered little," was the heart-sick reflection.

"Despair gives courage to the weakest; and yet her poor fragile frame trembled as steps were heard slowly approaching the door.

"The next moment the handle was turned, and Hugh Evans entered the room.

Winifred scarcely saw him.

A mist came over her eyes, and she held tightly by the arm of the chair to steady her frame, but she managed to incline her head in reply to his question "Are you better, dear Winifred?" uttered in as gentle a tone as he could command.

He came nearer, and would have taken her hand, but she shuddered so visibly that he forbore the attempt, and sat down in a chair at a sufficient distance from her to calm any immediate alarm.

"Are you strong enough to listen to me?" he said, with a short pause.

Winifred again bowed her head, and her lips tried to frame an assent, but her voice failed her.

Though his teeth were for a moment clenched, and his lips worked with the effort to conceal the angry pang which her uncontrollable aversion inflicted, Hugh went on.

"Winifred, compose yourself," he said.

"I am not a brute; and, what is more, I love you truly,—ay, a great deal more truly than those who talk finely, and whose handsome faces cover deceitful hearts. You have done enough to destroy my love, and make me give you up to your fate; but I'm a hard nature.

"When a picture's graved on steel, it does not rub out like oil paint."

For the first time Winifred raised her eyes, and looked sadly, even kindly at her companion.

There was truth in his words and tone, and she felt it instinctively.

Even in Hugh she could not quite disregard real affection.

"I am very sorry," she faltered, "and not ungrateful."

"I do not want gratitude, Winifred; I want you to advised, that is all," he resumed, with some return of his old roughness.

"I know very well you do not care for me; perhaps you hate me, and fancy I have brought a great deal of evil on you.

"But I don't much care; it is actions I judge from, not words or woman's fancies."

Her large eyes were now fixed on him him with a timid, questioning look.

"What do you wish me to do?" she asked.

"Be a sensible girl, and become my wife," he replied.

"I cannot," said Winifred.

The word was spoken so hopelessly, so gentle, that even Hugh felt touched.

"Do you not mean you will not?" he asked, but not angrily or harshly.

"Be frank, if you wish me to be as kind to you as I desire to be.

"I am a blunt man, Winifred Herbert, and want no glossing phrases. Why can you not marry me?"

"Because I am not Winifred Herbert," she replied, gathering courage from despair.

"I am already a wedded, though (Heaven help me!) a rejected wife."

She covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled through the small fingers; but no sob, not even a sigh, escaped her. It was her gentle, hopeless grief, the very prostration of despair.

"Poor child! do you indeed delude yourself so terribly?" asked Hugh, with a pitying tone that was far more cuttingly convincing than anger or earnest asseverations.

"Is that your real belief, Winifred?"

"Belief!" she repeated. "How can I doubt it?

"It was no dream, but a sweet, sad reality."

"And whose wife are you?" asked Hugh quietly.

There was a brief pause, but Winifred did not reply.

"If you wish me to credit your assertion, you must name your husband," he resumed.

"When my husband claims me," she said; "not till then.

"Heaven forgive me for having said what I did; you drove me to forget——"

"I understand," said Hugh; "you cannot tell me more than I know.

"You fancy you are the wife of Evan Lloyd, and very likely are bound not to reveal it.

"But you are utterly deceived. The man who united you to him was not even in orders; and you are no more his wife than you are mine!"

A low wail of agony, a convulsive shudder, was the only reply.

Poor Winifred dared not even then break her vow by admitting the truth of Hugh's conjectures.

"Listen," he said. "I knew far more than you did, and it was for your good as well as my own that I have urged you to this step.

"You are no wife; nay, more, Evan will be the husband of Miss de St. Hilaire in a few short hours.

"Your only chance of avoiding disgrace, your parents' curse, and ensuring your old lover's safety, is to become my wife."

"Evan's safety!" she repeated, the strong woman's love triumphing even in that moment over selfish considerations.

"Yes," continued Hugh; "I can consign him to prison—to the gallows—and I will, unless you purchase his safety."

"It is false! you are only tampering with me," cried the poor girl, with new strength though her face was white and her eyes bloodshot with terror.

"I will swear it is true, if nothing else will convince you," said Hugh.

"Evan Lloyd's safety depends on you; you can revenge yourself on him if you please, or ensure his escape from the punishment that awaits him, if you still care for your old lover."

That wily man knew well the nature with which he had to deal, little as its generous devotion accorded with his own hard, unpitying selfishness.

It was the only motive that could have swayed Winifred to such a repugnant, hateful step.

Evan was still dear, oh, so very dear to her!

She would willingly have given her life for him.

Should she not give to him the peace of the few days she had to live, and complete the sacrifice of her whole existence for his welfare?

And her poor mother and her high-minded father would be spared the crushing disgrace on their gray hairs—they would bless her on her dying bed if they were allowed to put a lawful name on her tombstone. And what signified it for a few short days?

"If I could but believe," she murmured; "but no, no! — he would not be so base."

"Winifred, as I am a living man, it is true," said Hugh.

"The man who performed the ceremony between you and Evan Lloyd was not an ordained clergyman, and has since perished a violent and sudden death.

"I tell you, you are as free from any such ties as when in your cradle, if that is the stumbling-block in my way."

Poor Winifred! she would fain have sought refuge from her wretchedness and shame in some haven, such as the Church of Rome, provides for the lonely and the desolate, there to hide her shame, and her poor, crushed, wounded spirit in a living grave.

Her brain, confused and weak from recent illness, could ill distinguish between right and wrong.

Her sole longing was for peace and rest.

Her sole ray of comfort, the idea of saving the man she had so devotedly, so fatally loved from her early childhood, and affording the only consolation remaining to her sorrowing parents.

Young, alone, and desolate, suffering alike in body and in mind, can it be too much a matter of blame or of surprise that the unhappy Winifred gave a despairing, bewildered assent to the only plan that appeared open to her, and that when Matilda Pearce was summoned to the room, the half-fainting girl was placed in her arms by the triumphant overlooker, with brief but fatally significant words, "Miss Pearce, I entreat your continued kindness for my future wife."

Never till Matilda's last hour would she forget the shudder, the look of patient despair with which that fragile, silent girl, endured the kiss which Hugh pressed on her pale forehead ere he once more left her to such repose as remained for her in this weary world.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THREE days after Winifred had consented to become the wife of Hugh Evans, a carriage drew up to the door of Miss Pearce's pretty cottage.

A slight, fragile form was half supported half carried into it, followed by a tall, commanding-looking woman and a middle-aged man.

The carriage drove off to the nearest railway station, where Winifred submitted passively to all the arrangements made for her.

All hope, all wish in life had now left her.

She felt like one walking in a horrid dream, from which there was no escape. The spell was on her, and she had ceased to resist its power.

Poor Winifred continued in this dreamy state throughout the journey, and the subsequent drive through the strange, busy streets of the great metropolis did not rouse her to interest or animation.

What was it to her if the brilliant, busy throng hurried along the lighted streets, and lamps flashed in the crowd of passing vehicles, and large, splendid-looking windows presented a blaze of illumination! All was vanity and heart sickness to the unhappy girl.

A garish, meaningless show, without interest, with only a mockery of the gaiety which seemed to her now so incomprehensible.

She could scarcely imagine that she had once been light-hearted and bright.

All life and nature had one seemed to her full of animation and joyousness.

It was now one scene of gloom and darkness.

"Miss Pearce," said Hugh, on the following afternoon, as he entered the sitting-room of the lodging he had engaged for the two ladies, "I have arranged for the marriage to take place to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she repeated.

"Impossible!"

"Yes, the sooner the better," said Hugh; "it is no use giving Winifred time to get more miserable and frightened than necessary.

"I have got the licence all right, and I have been to the church to make it all right with the parson of the parish.

"He's out, it seems; but of course there is some one to do his duty, though for that matter I believe they could be well spared, the whole lazy lot of them."

Matilda did not reply to these uncharitable reflections.

She was was speculating on the effect of these sudden arrangements on her young charge.

"Does Winifred know?" she asked.

"No," was the reply; "you had better prepare her.

"I suppose it will look less suspicious for her to have a proper dress to be married in; but that I thought of before.

"I ordered a white silk dress and bonnet and veil while she was pining away at your house, little thinking of the good fortune that was coming for her.

"The dress will be here this evening, and the milliner's girl with the bonnet, to see it's all right.

"I'm a plain man, Miss Pearce, but, at any rate, I mean my wife to look gay and pretty on her wedding-day, though she won't quite equal the French girl, nor Miss ——"

He stopped.

It was contrary to his usual rule to mention names, or even to allude to persons or events connected with his past life.

Hugh would not talk of the present or the future, but it was rare indeed for him to allude to the past or to those he had once known.

Matilda did not notice the sudden pause; her woman's sympathy was strongly excited for the unhappy girl whose fate was about to be sealed.

But yet, to what avail!

She had promised and vowed that nothing should turn her from the one purpose of her life, not even the strongest and tenderest sympathies of woman's nature.

"I think black would have been more suitable," she said, unable to resist the desire to mortify the man she dared not resist.

"I, for one, will not torment the poor child by such mockery.

"It is enough that she consents. Let it be done with as little misery as possible for her.

With a look of unrestrained contempt and dislike, Matilda Pearce left the room to fulfil her unwelcome mission.

She found Winifred sitting as had been her wont of late.

Her eyes fixed on the ground, her head leaning on her hand, her whole look and attitude speaking the utter prostration and unresisting despair of her mind.

Her brain seemed torpid and stunned by the weight of her misery.

One sole idea possessed her.

She was saving Evan.

When all was nearly over, her parents would bless her, and not, when she was no more, remember her with curses and shame.

"Winifred, my child," said Matilda.

It was a maternal tone, and though the speaker was too young to have been her mother, the poor girl looked up for a moment with the grateful, confiding glance of a child.

But her eyes fell again; it was but an illusion.

That beautiful face brought no comfort for her in its kindly look.

Was it not Hugh Evan's friend who spoke and gazed at her with seeming pity, yet which did not avail to save her from her fate.

She shrank from what seemed a mockery of kindness.

"Winifred, do not hate me," said Matilda.

"Heaven knows I feel for you; and could I do aught to save you, I would; but it is impossible; you cannot avoid the fate that is prepared for you.

"But, if there is anything you would wish, if it is in my power to give you one

ray of comfort, I will aid you as I would my own sister."

Winifred shook her head mournfully; then a sudden thought flashed across her mind.

"Yes, one, only one favor I will ask of you," she replied; "Hugh Evans would not and I dare not, try to tell him. But, if you will go to him, and say I forgive him, that I loved him to the end, and that it was only for his sake I was not true to the vows which Heaven saw; if——"

A loud knock at the door of the apartment interrupted the words.

"Tell whom?" said Matilda, hastily, as she prepared to open the door.

"Him; Evan," said the poor girl.

The handle of the door was impatiently turned in the lock, and Matilda was forced to obey the angry summons.

It was Hugh Evans.

"The boxes are here," said he; "I have ordered them to be brought up. Shall the people wait?"

"No, no!" replied Matilda, impatiently. "If anything is wanted I can do it. Do not torture her to death, or she may escape you now."

"Take care," he muttered; and a deep, angry oath escaped his lips, and a threat which boded better for Evan Lloyd than he perhaps deserved.

"What is it?" asked Winifred, trembling at the very sound of the dreaded voice.

"Nothing, love," replied Miss Pearce. "But, my child, summon courage.

"Mr. Evans wishes—has arranged—for to-morrow to be your wedding-day."

Winifred turned ghastly white even to the delicate lips; but she only said, "It is well!

"One step nearer to the grave. Peace will be there—peace, peace," she repeated; and her sweet eyes closed, and her lips kept moving, though no sound came from them.

Surely the cry that rose silently from that burdened, overwhelmed spirit, would be heard, and hope and strength be given in that hour of extremity, when all on earth seemed powerless to comfort or to aid.

When Winifred looked up there was a calmer expression in her pale face, and Matilda dared not risk any renewal of the conversation Hugh Evans had interrupted.

Some future time would explain what remained untold, and the half-expressed wish be carried out as sacredly as the behests of the dead.

And when she bent down to press a farewell kiss on Winifred's pale cheek, on leaving the fair girl that night, it was with a sort of reverence, though she still cherished the belief that the pure-looking creature, so saint-like in her looks, was yet, in actual fact, but a poor Magdalen, and that the ceremony of the morrow would be the sole means that could be devised of restoring her to friends, and fame, and honor.

On the following morning Winifred certainly looked angel-like in her bridal robes In the pure silk dress, not more delicately colorless than her white skin, its rich folds falling round her fragile form, and the veil thrown negligently over her fair hair, just revealing its golden tint through the transparent tissue.

In very wilfulness Matilda had changed her determination, and arranged with her own little hands the young bride in the gauds chosen for her by the strange bridegroom.

The very contrast between that graceful delicate creature, and the stern, hard, ungainly man, would, she thought, be some mortification to his self-love, and she had dressed the passive bride with as much care as if for a more auspicious wedding.

Matilda herself wore a pale green dress, and white lace scarf and bonnet, which suited her style of beauty, though scarcely so congenial to its expression as the sombre garments she had worn ever since the death of her lover.

Although set off to the best of his ability by a new suit of carefully chosen clothes, a strange anomaly was the awkward figure and hard face of Hugh Evans, compared with the two beautiful women whom he was to accompany to the sacred edifice for so momentous a ceremony.

The very servants of the house where they lodged exchanged looks and significant smiles, that were not lost on either Matilda Pearce or on Hugh himself.

But Winifred saw nothing—heeded nothing.

We had well nigh said felt nothing.

Her sense were numbed with the very intensity of suffering.

She dared not think.

She dared not attempt to rouse herself from the blessed trance-like calmness of extreme grief.

The drive to the church was a very short one.

To Matilda and the bride elect it seemed but a moment ere the carriage drove up to the steps, and Hugh, leaping from the vehicle, assisted the two pale agitated women to alight, and supported the trembling Winifred up the steps, and along the aisle to the altar.

Her eyes were bent on the ground as they moved slowly along the matted floor, and her convulsive grasp of her companion's arm might have passed for the timid clinging of a happy, loving bride, but for the heart-stricken look of the wan face.

Hugh led her to the front of the altar; Matilda placed herself behind the shrinking form.

A man, who had apparently been awaiting them, stationed himself on the other side.

Then the vestry door opened, the clergyman advanced to the front of the altar, and in another moment the ceremony began which was to make Winifred, for the second time, if at length a lawful, still a miserable, unloving wife.

CHAPTER XL.

IN the beautifully furnished sitting-room, which was Evan Lloyd's temporary apartment till his rapidly approaching marriage, at the noble-looking father of its owner, and the handsome Evan himself.

Sir William occupied a chair immediately facing the window, near which leaned the tall figure of his son.

The old man's eyes were fixed sadly and sternly on the unyielding, scornful face.

"Evan," he said, "before I would permit you to do this grievous wrong—if you indeed are guilty of that poor girl's ruin, and I fear early death—I would rather reveal that which should destroy you, and bring desolation and disgrace on our house and name: as you owe reverence to your father, and gratitude to your preserver from the consequences of your crime, I charge you to answer me."

Evan could not quite control the paleness and the flush that rapidly succeeded each other on his cheek, but his eyes were unflinching and his lips stern and scornful as ever.

"I fear I do not understand your dark sayings, sir," returned Evan. "May I beg you to be a little more compassionate to my dulness of comprehension?"

Sir William involuntarily clenched the cane on which he leant; the sneering disrespect of the tone was almost too much for his hot blood.

"Evan," he exclaimed, "you pass even a father's patience. Will you force me to say the wretched words that have never yet passed my lips—to speak my own son's crime; or will you answer, in a proper way the question I ask?"

Evan's spirit was a decidedly bold and daring one.

He had literally neither fear of man nor awe of his Maker before his eyes; but the consciousness of guilt made him quail before his father's terrible and just indignation.

He was but half prepared for the interview, or rather, for the tone his father had taken.

He had trusted in the brilliant prospects open before Lucy and himself to silence the expression of every doubt in the old man's mind, and to make him willing to forget the suspicions at which he had before hinted, but one breath of which would at once destroy all chance of the double alliance with the De St. Hilaires, he felt certain.

He had little counted on the noble spirit of the now self-respecting and high-minded old man, which would sacrifice wealth, position, and even the happiness of those most dear to him, rather than consent to the ruin of a beautiful and trusting girl, and the misery of her heart-broken parents, brought about by the wickedness and treachery of his own son.

Sir William Lloyd's own hour of darkness and weakness was long past, and he had risen superior to the demon's temptation before which his son had so hopelessly fallen.

Evan's resolution was at last taken. He said:

"I must beg your pardon, sir, if I have appeared disrespectful or regardless of your wishes; but you must remember that your own tone was anything but flattering; you have brought strange and heavy accusations against your only son, which are not very agreeable marriage congratulations on the eve of my wedding day.

"In plain English, and without any heroics or oracular hints, what am I to confess or deny?"

"First, then, as you wish plain words, Evan, have you Winifred Herbert's ruin on your head, and do you know where she is?"

The question was luckily worded, to save the young man's not too nice conscience.

He could, as he had lately had too much reason to suspect, answer both questions in the negative unhesitatingly, in the letter, if not the spirit.

"As I am an honorable man, sir, I have not; nor do I know any more than yourself where she is, nor did I even hear of her disappearance till Lucy informed Laura of the fact."

Sir William's eyes were fixed earnestly on his son as he spoke, but there was no more emotion than might well be expected from the gravity of the accusation brought against him.

"Is this true, on your honor, Evan?" said his father.

"It is, sir."

"Then I and others have done you grievous wrong," said the old man, gravely; "but, remember, my son, that you are adding fearfully to your guilt if you are deceiving your father. May God pardon you if it is so!"

Evan flushed an angry crimson, which to the old baronet's eyes was more pleasant than the cold, unmoved sneer of his previous manner.

"Anything more, sir?" he asked; "you seem very anxious to find your son guilty. However, you will soon be relieved of my presence, even in the same land; after this scene, I am not likely to visit the Grange again in a hurry."

"Evan," said his father, "Heaven is my witness, that I would rather bear your fiercest anger than the horrid doubts that have poisoned my life for the last few months.

"But I have repaired your crime, if crime it was, to the utmost of my power, and it rests with your Maker and your conscience to do what in you lies for atonement. Evan, look here!"

Sir William placed a paper before Evan's eyes as he spoke.

It contained a very few lines, but the effect was electrical.

The young man started, flushed crimson, then turned lividly white, with mingled shame and anger.

"You—you have done this mad deed, sir!" he exclaimed at last—"actually ruined yourself and my mother, and risked the most fatal consequences to us all—for a wild suspicion—the mere raving of a diseased brain.

"It is certainly very worthy of a father, to hunt an only son down with charges like this."

"How true they are, you only know, and the Almighty, who will judge us," was the solemn reply.

"Do you think to frighten me with such a scene as this?" asked Evan, angrily; "do you think I am so weak a coward as to tremble at the consequences of anything I had dared to do?

"If it were so, I were no true descendant of our race."

"Evan, Heaven grant that you may prove yourself worthy of your ancestors in your future life," said his father.

Evan started impatiently.

"No stain has ever yet rested on our name; and I, to preserve it as it was transmitted to me by my ancestors, have sacrificed the remnant of our heritage.

"And yet, a wretched, haunting presentiment tells me that this sacrifice may be in vain; that the son of my hope and pride may be the curse, the disgrace of my old age.

"Evan, am I a terrible prophet, or a distracted, nervous parent? I charge, as you hope for a blessing in your own children, tell me truly."

"You are crazed, sir—crazed!" said the young man, exasperated by the just reproaches and fearful warnings which so terribly confirmed his own secret terrors. "You first ruin yourself, risk the remnant of the inheritance which has been in our family for centuries, and then pursue me with terrible reproaches.

"I would fain, just now, be spared such a scene as this. My bride would scarcely be flattered, and your own favorite daughter's prospects would not be improved, if a whisper got abroad that Sir William Lloyd's intellect were failing; and yet I begin to think it the most charitable conclusion."

"Evan, I would that you had not spoken such words," replied Sir William, with calm, stern dignity. "I require no further answer.

"Henceforth let the subject be buried between us. Your blood shall not be on my head, and my prayers shall not cease that, by penitence and good deeds you may atone for the guilt which I see too plainly rests on your conscience."

The old baronet rose, stood for a moment, his eyes bent on the ground, his noble form resting on the antique stick which had been an heirloom in the family for centuries, and his lips quivering with contending feelings.

Then he raised his bowed head, turned to Evan, with a look of touching grief and tenderness.

"Evan—my first-born, my son," said he, "I cannot tear you from my heart; I cannot curse the child of my Gwendaline, the first pledge of our wedded love.

"Perhaps it may turn you to a better mind, to think in future days that you have your father's pardon, his blessing on your future life, and his earnest prayers that it may redeem the guilty past.

"Evan," he added solemnly, "your Heavenly Father is yet more ready to forgive than your earthly one. Will you not bend your proud spirit before Him, though you are hardened against me?"

There was inexpressible pathos in Sir William's tone and look.

The words were spoken so seriously and sadly, that even Evan's hard spirit was humbled to bend in outward respect before his noble parent.

"Father," said he, "I value your blessing."

It was a brief but expressive answer, and Sir William fondly interpreted it as he desired.

"May God bless you, Evan!" he replied; "may he enable you to fulfil your new duties in His light, and avert from you retribution in this world and the next."

Evan involuntarily shuddered.

The words appeared to his guilty conscience more ominous of evil than good, and he pressed his lips to his father's hand in silence.

He could not have trusted himself with words.

CHAPTER XLI.

THERE was a very whirl of joyous bustle in the splendid house of the Count de St. Hilaire—that house so soon to be transferred to Evan Lloyd, as a wedding present from his brother-in-law.

The whole of the wedding party were to assemble there, save the younger of the fair brides and her parents.

Lady Lloyd's delicate precision in such matters had refused Laura's earnest entreaty that she and Lucy might be in all respects as sisters—dressed in the same apartments, by the same hands, and in similar bridal toilette.

"My dear child, it cannot be," was the gentle reply. "The daughter of Sir William Lloyd must not go forth from any house but her father's, nor even be indebted to her future husband for aught but love and honor, until she becomes his wife. We will meet you at the church, and you and our Lucy will appear at the altar and the bridal breakfast as sisters—but not till then. Do not ask it, for I am firm, against your entreaties."

Laura saw that Lady Lloyd was not to be moved from her purpose, and with a half-tender, half-reproachful look, yielded her dearest desire, a habit hitherto somewhat strange to the wilful, petted heiress, but love was beginning to humble even her proud spirit.

That beautiful, dazzling-looking creature, Laura, was alone; her bridal toilette was completed, and at her bidding the attendants had left her for a short time to the quiet solitude she longed for.

It was strange, but a fit of unusual depression had succeeded the excitement and joyous animation of the past weeks.

Now, when her long-cherished wishes were about to be accomplished—her vows to be given to the man whom she had wildly loved—a brilliant future opening before her—Laura's heart sank, she knew not wherefore.

There might be an instinctive distrust of her betrothed husband, all unconscious as she was, and indignant as she would have been at such a suggestion; a shrinking from a nature so totally inferior in lofty unselfishness and generosity to her own; or it might be only one of the temporary reluctances to plunge irretrievably in the unknown future that made the bride's cheek pale, and her eyes fill with tears.

And yet Lucy Lloyd had no such tears or misgivings.

There was no shade of jealous apprehension mingled with the daughter's natural tears as, at the same hour, that fair girl sat with her head on her mother's shoulder, listening to her fond maternal words.

And still Laura de St. Hilaire was no timid girl to shrink and start at a destiny she herself had chosen so long and so eagerly as her own.

There was a gentle tap at the door, and it opened to admit Paul.

He was ready for their departure, and for once he looked as handsome as Evan Lloyd himself could do.

His intelligent, noble face, was full of deep, quiet happiness, and tender, kindly feelings: and his whole mein and bearing worthy of his race and of the bride he was about to make his own.

"Laura, darling, you have been weeping!" he said, tenderly. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing Paul," she replied; "only a little nervous nonsense; I am afraid you have spoiled me in our dear old home; I shall never find any one so indulgent as my dear, grave brother."

She spoke with assumed playfulness, but her voice faltered, and the tears rushed yet more irresistibly to her eyes.

"My dearest sister, my Laura, are you quite, quite satisfied—quite happy in your prospects?" asked Paul, anxiously.

"Oh yes, yes. How can it be otherwise?" said the girl; but the voice was low and tremulous.

"Laura, dear sister," said Paul, taking her hand tenderly, "we have been all in all to each other, and even the precious ties we are now forming can hardly be so pure, so tender, as the love that has so long bound us to each other.

Remember this, darling, in any sorrow or disappointment, that I am the same loving, devoted brother that I have striven to be in past years.

My Laura will never need a loving friend—a home—while her brother lives.

Promise me this, dearest Laura—that you will have no grief or anxiety unshared by me, when I can in any way console or remove it."

The girl's tears were half choking her in the effort to repress them, but she turned her beautiful face on her brother with a look of bright and grateful love, and kissed his noble brow with all her old impetuous affection.

"You are a dear old darling, Paul," she said, with some of her former playfulness. "There is no one half so good—except Evan; and Lucy is the loveliest girl in all Europe. But we must not talk such sentimental nonsense just now, or I shall not be fit to be seen. There, dont look reproachful, I dare not make a goose of myself, that's the truth. I am not ungrateful, or unheeding, Paul."

With a sudden impulse she threw her arms round her brother's neck with a warm, almost convulsive grasp, and kissed him again and again.

"God bless you, Paul," she continued; "you are sure to be happy, and you deserve it better than I; but then, you know, I could never have loved Evan half so well if he had been like that pretty, demure little mouse I am to have for a sister. There now, run away, there's a dear, and send Ernestine to arrange the furbelows you have disarranged."

Paul knew his sister well, and he saw she would not indulge the intense feelings which shook her, and he quietly left the room, but there were some misgivings in his heart as he obeyed her behest, and went slowly to his own room for the last moments before the carriages would arrive with expected guests.

It is needless to enlarge on the character, and age, and names of the friends who were to witness the ceremony and share the breakfast.

Sir William Lloyd was to give away both brides, as Paul's own share in the ceremony prevented his performing that office for his sister; and the guests who assembled at Eaton Square consisted of the few old friends of the Lloyd family who had survived their long seclusion, and those who knew and remembered the old Count de St. Hillare, years before, during his embassy in England.

The bridemaids, their attendants, and the

friends had driven off, and as the last carriage came up to the door, Paul went to bring his sister down stairs.

She was ready, and once more composed and stately as usual, but her hand burnt and trembled on her brother's arm as they descended the stairs, and Paul knew that the emotion she had betrayed was smothered rather than conquered during the interval.

He was to wise to speak during the short drive to church; and, moreover, was too much occupied with his own hopes and deep happiness for words.

Had he been less engrossed, he might have observed two men hanging about the door of his house, somewhat apart from the rest of the crowd, who had of course assembled to gaze at the gay group.

They looked earnestly, nay rudely, at them as they passed, but still, with a sinister rough gaze, that was very unlike the curious and admiring glances of the bystanders.

When the last carriage had driven off, the two men drew back under the recess of an adjoining portion, and spoke in a low, earnest tone to each other.

"He was not there, you say?"

"No; but the handsome girl in the last carriage, in the veil, is his intended. I suppose he'll meet her at the church—no fear of jilting when there's a power of money in the way."

"'Tis a pity," said the first speaker: "I'm sorry for her. She looks a grand creature; to good for him, anyhow. Why, what a born devil you must be, to wait till now before pouching on him!"

"It wasn't my fault, it was the insolent flunkeys that did it," replied the other. "I meant to give them a chance, but I wasn't going to be treated like a cur, when I'd got the rope round their very necks. It will be my turn to be insolent now; they'll be glad enough to beg and pray, but 'tis too late. He's hooked, and she'll so be rid of him, that's one comfort for her."

"I don't like it,' repeated the other, "'tis like hanging an innocent man for a guilty one. Suppose you got caught yourself by mistake now, what would you feel?"

There was a quick, fierce look, and a grasp of the heavy stick he held, and then the man addressed said coolly,—"I'm not fool enough to be caught, nor coward enough to cry out if I were. There, don't blab any more; the open-mouthed fools have got nothing to look at now, and are staring about them like owls. Keep a close tongue and open eyes till the time comes."

His companion who was much younger and less repulsive-looking than himself, nodded assent, and the two continued silently observant of all around them, till the crowd gradually became tired of waiting, and one by one dispersed, leaving them nearly alone, on the step of the neighboring house.

"Now, mind your chances: keep your eye on me, and don't lose a moment when I move," said the elder man. "It can't be long now."

The younger man gave a grumbling assent, and then there was silence between them till the church clock struck seven, and a rapid sound of wheels proclaimed the approach of the carriages containing the bridal party.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—[CONTINUED.

THE taste of lovers of sensation was gratified, and London had but one subject of conversation that night, for, by the time the evening papers appeared, all London knew that the mystery of the De Gretton murder was explained at last, knew of the confession and suicide of Lady Olivia Blake.

The sudden horror that held Cristine Singleton motionless before the silken curtain that alone stood between her and the solution of all her doubts and fears had not been foundationless.

Had she found strength to push the frail barrier aside, she would have found the desperate passion-haunted creature whose crime had darkened so many lives prone and cold across the doorway, with wide dark eyes glaring dreadfully up from the dead face, on which the glare of lamplight fell, and the small dark blue phial that still diffused its subtle odor through the room clenched in the rigid fingers with the unyielding clasp of death.

Lady Olivia had escaped, and, so far as human justice was concerned, the escape was safe and sure.

She had been dead some hours when the doctors were called in, and her fixed defiant smile and haughty look seemed to mock even in death at the retribution that their owner had defied so long and eluded at last.

Side by side with the account of the suicide appeared the confession that gave back life and happiness to Nora, and cleared the last shadow of suspicion from her name.

It was full and explicit enough to satisfy the most exacting.

And, though passion made it a little incoherent here and there, the main part of the document was studiously temperate and clear.

"I have learned," it ran, "from Cristine Singleton to-night that Nora, Lady de Gretton, is alive, in hiding, and in deadly peril still.

"The story was told to wrest a confession from me, I know; but, in spite of the natural emotion it excited, and the eloquent pleading which remorse has taught the cold and selfish girl, my secret is my own yet.

"Shall I make confession now? Let me think.

"Nearly two years ago! Oh, Heaven, how long, how long those years have been! Have they dragged to her as to me, I wonder?

"Is it as hard to be hunted and innocent as guilty and safe? 'Safe!' How the word mocks me as I write it down! Was I ever safe for a day, an hour?

"Ah, no! If the actual peril of rope and scaffold never came near me, if the opportune appearance of that unhappy girl set the sleuth-hounds of justice on another track, have not the phantom horrors of my sleepless nights and miserable days been worse than the worst bitterness of death?

"And yet I did well to kill him! Face to face with the end, face to face with my own soul, I say that I did well.

"Alberic Grant was a coward and a traitor.

"He shamed his own kinswoman before the world, and thought his baseness safe because she stood alone, because she had neither brother, nor lover, nor husband to avenge her.

"The coward and the fool! The coward to count a woman's hopelessness as something in his favor, the fool to forget that woman had Spanish blood in her veins and Spanish fire in her soul. Well—now he knows!

"Little more than two years ago, I thought that Alberic Grant and I were to marry; and, though I always feared and shrank from him, I was content that it should be so; content—no more.

"My first marriage had been unhappy, and I soon repented the rash folly that had condemned me to poverty, and given me a lower place in the world than I might have hoped to hold.

"I never thought that my cousin would forgive me.

"There was little generosity in his character, and that he should bitterly resent the trick I had played him seemed to me only natural and just.

"But, to my amazement, when, the year after my widowhood, I returned to London and took up the threads of my old life, De Gretton was the first to greet me with every expression of affectionate regard.

"I was sore-hearted and broken-spirited just then.

"My own world looked upon me indifferently enough. My beauty had faded and my means were small.

"I had somehow made a failure and a muddle of my life, and for failures and muddles the world has no great taste. Imagine then how my heart warmed to the man I had wronged, the man whose chivalry so easily forgave me!

"At first he spoke lightly and easily of the trick I had played him; and yet under all the lightness I was quick to perceive a subtle undertone of tender regret. He blamed himself, not me.

"I was too young and bright for a dull old fogy.

"It was a sacrifice any frank-hearted girl would naturally avoid.

"I looked at him, erect, handsome, dignified, walking in the world's sunshine, crowned with the world's honor and regard and then at my own dark, haggard face, and there seemed a cruel mockery in his words.

"Something of this I said in passionate incoherent fashion, expressing I know not what of regret for my madness and ingratitude to him.

"Even then, though he bent over my hand with the tenderest courtly grace and soothed me with the kindest word, I felt vaguely frightened and oppressed by the odd exultant glitter of his eyes.

"So, little by little, his daily devotion and constant care of me attracted the gossips' notice.

"Little by little the story crept about that the old past was to be renewed, that I was to be Lady de Gretton after all.

"Old friends who had forgotten me in my obscure widowhood thronged round me once again, old acquaintances renewed their claim to intimacy, life began to brighten once more, and I knew that I owed it all to Alberic Grant.

"Was it any wonder that I learned to look for his coming with an eager gratitude that touched on love, to long for the utterance of the words that should make the bond between us irrevocable?

"But those last words were strangely slow in coming.

"I had been congratulated on what every one looked on as a settled thing a dozen times, and maliciously rallied on my strange reticence as many more; but still the one sentence that would justify me in calling myself engaged was never once spoken.

"Lord de Gretton spoke always with a careless confidence of our future life, did all but ask me to marry him every time we met; but the all-but never changed into the quite, the plain Anglo-Saxon phrase never passed his lips; and, as the days and weeks and months passed on, my heart grew sick with hope deferred.

"Yes—hope. Olivia Grant, in the feverish flush of her first romantic passion, might think her middle-aged cousin no desirable mate, and break the bond between them lightly enough.

"Olivia Blake, with all he glamor gone, with a bitter knowledge of poverty and fallen fortunes, and a keener appreciation of all the solid goods of life—this Olivia had learned to look on the once-dreaded marriage as the goal of all her hopes.

"It seemed so sure and safe a thing too; for months I had consulted with his stewards and arranged the affairs of his estates, for months the De Gretton diamonds had been in my possession, the jewels that had never flashed on the neck and arms or glittered in the hair of any woman but the wife of a De Gretton before.

"I wore them one night at a Court ball; and next day——

"How shall I write of what followed? The shame and pain of that time seem to scorch me now—now that he is dead, and I am face to face with death.

"He came quite early in the afternoon, and began, in his careless indolent fashion, to discuss the events of the previous night; but all the time he watched me with such strange intentness that I felt my face flush and my heart throb with an exultant prevision of a momentous question at hand.

"Fool that I was not to know that no love light gleamed in those cruel eyes; fool that I was to walk so blindly into the open trap, to let him trample on my pride and drag my honor in the dust! But, at least, the debt is paid, and paid in full!

"'You were lovelier than ever last night Olivia,' he said, leaning back in the tall chair, and watching me through his half-closed lids.

"'Oh, no'—with a little laugh of slow enjoyment—'I do not offer my own partial judgment! The opinion was expressed on every hand.'

"'The diamonds dazzled people,' I said coolly, though my heart beat fast. 'So half the admiration belongs of right to you.'

"He nodded two or three times, stroked his gray moustache, as though to hide a well-pleased smile, then said lazily—

"'Ah, those diamonds! By-the-way, I was a good deal congratulated last night—I think I will take them back now, Olivia.'

"I dared not ask why; but my eyes put the question so plainly, he answered it with his accustomed laugh—

"'I must have them reset for my wife.'

"'I turned my head aside abruptly; the words might—must mean the crowning of my hopes; but the smile filled me with vague dread.

"'You do not seem to care, Olivia. Do you take no interest in my wife?'

"He laid a soft lingering emphasis on the last two words—it might have been tenderness or subtlest cruelty—I could not quite tell.

"My heart beat yet faster, and there was a strange dull rushing in my ears.

"'Do you not care, Olivia?'

"He touched my hand now with his long thin fingers; the touch roused me at once.

"'Yes,' I said, with an effort. 'You know I care.'

"'For me?'

"He drew a little nearer, and I felt his breath upon my cheek.

"'Poor Olivia! I was not wrong. You have learned to trust me; you do regret the past?'

"'Yes,' I whispered again, in a very agony of expectation, for the all-important question lingered still.

"'Ah'—he patted my hand gently, and drew a long breath—'the mistakes of our youth, Olivia!

"'You remember the old proverb—Si la jeunesse savait——'

"'Si la vieillesse pouvait,' I finished, with a smile.

"'The conclusion is hardly complimentary, Alberic!'

"'No; only true; and truth is not always pleasant, Olivia. You do not ask my wife's name?'

"Where was my pride then? I have been called proud so often.

"I looked at him with piteous eyes, begging him to torture me no more.

"He laughed, and twirled his gray moustache more sharply.

"'Did you think that I should never marry, that no one would have me because you once——'

"'Oh, no, no!' I cried vehemently. 'You are cruel, Alberic. You know how bitterly I have repented that mad folly—know——'

"'That you would take me now? Is that so, Olivia?'

"He clasped my hand, and looked into my eyes in ardent lover's fashion. 'You are not jesting with me now?'

"'You could be content to pass your life with the man whom you jilted a long time ago?'

"'More than content,' I whispered, as his arm stole round me and his moustache brushed my brow; and for one full second I felt that life was good once more.

"Then he withdrew his arm, and broke into the oddest, most misplaced laughter that ever crossed the lips of man.

"His eyes glittered triumphantly, his arms were folded on his breast.

"'Ah,' he said, in a tone of burlesque regret, 'how very unfortunate that I did not guess your preference before!

"'It comes a little late now. I am engaged to marry Miss Nora Bruce.'

"I think it was madness that came upon me then; the cold cruel words lighted a fire in my heart and brain—a fire that burns unquenchably.

"A little cry broke from my lips; but as yet I could not speak.

"'Compose yourself, my dear Olivia,' he broke in suavely.

"'Jilting is not pleasant, as I know. You made me the laughing-stock of London once; but I assure you the story of my wrong was, and the story of my vengeance will be, a nine days' wonder at the very worst.

"'Your pride will help you to bear a little bitter jesting; and, by the time the diamonds glitter on my Nora's neck, the world will have forgotten that you ever forestalled Lady de Gretton's privilege and wore them.'

"Did I do wrong to kill him, coward and traitor?

"Did I do wrong to drive my dagger to his base heart, and rid the world of a monster?

"No, I say—ten thousand times no! Alberic Grant deserved the death I dealt him. I was not a murderess, but an executioner.

"I hardly know how I lived through the time that followed—through the civil sneers and biting jests that encountered me on every side.

"I was the diversion of the season; and I knew it.

"I seemed to move in a dull and misty atmosphere, in which I saw all things indistinctly.

"One thought only shaped itself clearly and distinctly in my mind, the thought of revenge—'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life.'

"He had laid mine desolate, and I would take his in return.

"I think the stern calm with which I bore my punishment alarmed him more than any fiery outbreak would have done. He avoided me at first; but, finding that I in no way shrank from society, that I had even forced myself to call upon his bride-elect—a poor spirit-broken child, sold to the rich man like a bale of goods, and sick for the love of a dead lover—he tried to conciliate me and teach me to forget.

"Well, the wedding-day, to which I looked forward far more eagerly than if it had been my own, came and passed.

"Nora Bruce became Lady de Gretton; and I stood calmly by, regardless of the pin-prick stings, the smiles and shoulder-shrugs and whispers of my dear familiar friends—for did not every word the priest spoke, every step the bridal pair took from the altar bring me nearer to my revenge?

"I stood in statue-like endurance through the ceremony; but I would not break bread with them.

"I excused myself to the bride's mother on the plea of an immediate return to Ireland, where my sister-in-law lay dangerously ill; and I started for Devonshire by the same train that bore Lord and Lady de Gretton on the first stage of their honeymoon journey.

"I knew every nook and corner of Cliff Cottage and its grounds, and I knew my cousin's habit of despatching all business in the little room that opened on to the verandah and the lawn.

"True, there might be some change in even his methodical habits upon his wedding-day; but in some way or other it would be strange indeed if I did not catch him for one moment alone—and then——

"I felt the edge of the long, slender steel, my mother's Spanish dagger; and I was content to wait, crouched in the dense impenetrable shrubbery that lay to the side of the house—to see him come and go, now to answer some business telegram, now to bring back the young bride to whom he should have been all love and tenderness, but upon whom he looked with the same cold and cruel anger that had once shone in his eyes for me.

"Something had come between them—but what? I pondered the question as I knelt on and on in my cramped comfortless position, till the sun vanished beyond the horizon-line, till the last pink tinge faded from the sky, till the stars began to peep shyly out, their tremulous light half lost in the soft splendor of the full round moon, till the dew drenched my black dress and my limbs grew numb and stiff, till the lights twinkled from window to window, and, one by one, went out, till only the steady star that shone from the open doorway of De Gretton's room broke the long line of shadow.

"Then I forgot all things, for the longed-for hour had come.

"Slowly, for my limbs were cramped and aching, I came to the pretty flower-grown porch, and crept along in its shadow.

"As I hoped and expected, both French windows stood oped, and he was seated at the farther one, his back turned to me, at the large writing-table which Mr. Romayne had always laughingly consecrated to his use.

"One breathless second I paused in the doorway—and then, with the bound of a tigress, I sprang upon him, and the long keen knife did its fatal work.

"He tried to cry—he did ejaculate my name; name; but flung the cloth I had soaked with chloroform across his lips, and then—then I drew the dagger forth with all my strength.

"When I saw the blood that followed it, I knew that he must die.

"How heavily he fell to the ground! Yet no one stirred.

"In a stupid immobility I sat watching the finely-cut cruel face that grew grayer and grayer in the cold white light.

"I had no hope of escape; it seemed to me that all the world would know this vengeance must be mine, and I was prepared to pay its price.

"But suddenly the white face seemed to stir, or a shifting ray of moonlight gave it the ghastly semblance of the old mocking smile.

"The sight filled me with a wild, abject terror.

"I started to my feet, and rushed across the lawn, as though ten thousand furies pursued me.

"Another moment, and I was on the open shore; the dagger had flashed in the air and sunk in the fathomless depths of the sea.

"I was away from the scene, free from the worst evidence of my crime.

"With that knowledge there came to me the faint hope of escape.

"I examined my dress—the long close-fitting cloak, the dark bonnet and veil, would certainly not attract attention in passing through the streets.

"There might be an early train. The little town was unusually full.

"I did not count much on the chance; still I would try.

"I did try; there was a train which went earlier than I had hoped, and such a throng of home-returning pleasure-seekers as made it easy indeed to pass unnoticed.

"Unnoticed and unmolested, I made my way along the coast, and crossed St. George's Channel; and I first learned that Lord de Gretton's murder had been discovered, and that public opinion attributed the crime to his missing wife.

"The days that followed were days of agony to me.

"Had Nora de Gretton been brought to trial, I would have confessed my crime and saved her—that I swear in this the last hour of my life, as I confess it now, and die to save her!

"Let her forgive me, if she can. The wrong I did her even in her grave has haunted my thoughts and well-nigh driven me mad; ever has her shadow pursued me a phantom figure, with sad and angry eyes and pale reproachful lips.

"She will forgive me, for she will be happy; and happiness is merciful, most merciful to the unhappy dead.

"I ask no other pardon for my sin against her.

"There has been some expiatory agony even here; and for the crime for which the law would take my life I go to answer to another Judge."

The document was duly sealed and signed, not only by Lady Olivia, but by the two women whom she had, with apparent carelessness, asked to sign her "will," before retiring for the night.

Being placed in the hands of the proper authorities, it speedily secured Nora's release from custody and the removal of the last shadow of suspicion from her name.

CHAPTER XXV.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Cristine. If we sit talking any more, you will have no roses for to-morrow; and what will the Baron say?"

Nora spoke with a touch of peremptory playfulness such as she never would have shown to her step-sister in the old Nettleton days.

But, though Cristine smiled a little, she did not stir.

She leaned one elbow on the chimney-piece, and, looking into the brightly blazing fire, said slowly and very thoughtfully—

"No, let me stay a little longer, dear; I have so much to say."

Nora winced a little, but dropped back into her chair and crossed her hands upon her lap.

She was lovelier than ever, Cristine thought, watching her with eyes that were trembled still, but clouded by hate and envy no longer.

The six months that had passed Lady Olivia gave her back her life and freedom had deepened the rose-tint in the smooth soft cheek, and restored the old starry lustre to the great gray eyes.

But for the soft snow-white hair that contrasted so quaintly with the peach-like skin and arched black brows, Nora de Gretton would have been fairer than Nora Bruce had been.

Even that, to her lover's faithful eyes, was to her girlish grace and loveliness as a sacred crown of martyrdom.

Cristine looked, till the tears that had been gathering slowly filled her eyes and blinded her.

She dropped suddenly upon her knees and hid her face in Nora's lap.

"Cristine, tears on your bridal-eve, when you should be so happy!" Nora said, trying to raise the blond head; but Cristine would not look up.

"Happy!" she echoed with a little passionate cry. "How dare I hope for happiness? Nora, I am afraid!"

"Why, dear? Baron Benjuda loves you; and I think he is a good man."

"Too good. I never thought he would forgive me: but he says he can trust me still. Is it not wonderful?"

"Wonderful that he should see how nobly you repaired a wrong and overcome a ——"

"A jealousy." Cristine finished in a whisper. "Nora, we will never speak of this again; but I was madly jealous of you always, of your beauty and fascination, of your father's affection and Vance's preference—last and most of all, of Arthur Beaupre's love!"

"Oh, hush!" Nora interrupted sharply; but Cristine went steadily on—

"Wait! Do you think that, if that foolish fire had not burned to gray ashes long ago, I would have stirred its embers now?

"I only want you to know what poor excuse there was for my savage cruelty, to win your full forgiveness as my best wedding-gift."

For all answer Nora stooped and kissed her; and the two sisters clung together in silence that was eloquent of love and peace.

"Vance was so good to me to-day," Cristine went on, after a little pause.

"He and Israel are great friends now. Israel vows he will make his fortune."

"And Nettie and my godchild—were they good too?" Nora asked, with a smile.

"Dear Nettie! What a happy couple they are—and yet what a terrible thing we should have thought such a marriage for Vance once!"

"Ah, once!"

The words came almost unconsciously from Lady de Gretton's lips, the deep eyes were shadowed with the pain of reminiscence.

"We thought so many strange things in that once, Cristine!"

"Nothing so strange as what has been," Cristine said hurriedly.

"Nora, how different your life would have been if your father had never brought us to his home!"

"Different indeed," Nora answered, with a sad half-smile, "for I should never have known Vance!"

"Ah, Vance redeemed us!" Cristine said heartily.

"Our scapegrace was the best of us, after all.

"Well"—moving reluctantly towards the door—"there is peace between us now, Nora?"

"Peace always," Nora said, with gentle earnestness.

"And now, for the last time, Miss Singleton, good night.

"Mrs. Bruce will be shocked if you stay here any longer."

Cristine went then.

Nora sat long, with clasped hands and dreamy eyes fixed on the dying fire, living again in vivid reminiscence through the cruel sorrows and rare joys of her darkly-shadowed past.

Her life, so far as she could see it now, was bright and full of promise.

Lady Olivia's confession had absolved her from all suspicion so completely that even the most malicious could find no more to say of her than that she had been wrongfully accused.

She might, had she chosen, have posed dramatically on her reappearance in society and received all the honors due to martyr heroines.

She recoiled with a sore pitiful shrinking from all allusion to the events of those two years.

Even yet she had not conquered her morbid distaste for the company of strangers.

Mrs. Beaupre indeed had come to her at once with a warm maternal welcome that had overcome the girl's shy pride and won her heart.

With the woman who had followed to the grave, because her son had loved her, the poor waif entombed as Nora de Gretton, the girl had had an instinctive sympathy from the first.

Mrs. Beaupre's cheerful piety and strong common-sense had done much to dispel the nervous terrors that were the natural result of the long unnatural strain Nora had borne.

"She is like a plant that has lived too long in the shade, and wants all the sunshine we can give her, Arthur," Mrs. Beaupre would say in her bright hopeful fashion, when Arthur complained dejectedly that the light was long in coming back to the grey eyes, and the roses were long in blooming on the pale thin face.

"Trust in time, dear, and do not frighten her.

"She will never forget; but by-and-by her memories will grow dim; and then I shall welcome my daughter, Arthur."

"Is she not lovely?" Arthur asked, his worn face lighting with an eager smile. And his mother warmly assented—

"Lovely and lovable; I have but one fault to find with her."

"A fault!" the young man echoed indignantly.

"What fault has the poor child, mother?"

"She is too forgiving," Mrs. Beaupre said with much decision. "No, I am not unchristian, Arthur; but, in her place, I would never have spoken to Cristine Singleton."

"Why, mother, do you forget that, if she wronged Nora once, she rendered her a signal service at the last?"

"Pure accident!" the obstinate old lady said disdainfully. "Lady Olivia's conscience would have wakened without her aid. Miss Singleton is a clever girl, and, seeing how the tide had turned, took advantage of an opportunity to re-establish herself in every one's good graces; but she will never find a place in mine—never!"

There was a grim determination in the last word that Arthur found it impossible to shake—he knew what his mother's prejudices were, and that first of all Cristine's sins, with her, ranked the wild attempt to establish herself as his nurse.

It was a subject fraught with perils, and one he never cared to discuss; so, smiling a little uneasily, he said—

"Well, I will not be so irreverent as to deny your charity; but we may as well let Nora live at peace with those belonging to her."

"With all my heart. The step-mother is a foolish, selfish woman; but I think her lesson has sobered her a little, and Vance—Vance and his wife are simply charming. No, I object simply to Cristine."

"And Cristine will be Baroness Benjuda almost immediately, and live abroad at least half the year."

"So much the better!" interrupted Mr. Beaupre, with crushing emphasis. "And I hope the Baron Benjuda is a man with a will of his own, who knows how to keep his wife in order."

"He does not look very weak," Arthur said, with a smile; and there the subject dropped, but in his heart he knew that his mother's prejudice was quite unshaken.

She refused with a grim courtesy, the invitation to Cristine's wedding, though she did not attempt to keep her son from attending it, saying indeed that she would be glad to hear, on the evidence of an eye-witness, that it had really taken place, and she was always in fear that Israel Benjuda would discover some fresh wickedness on his betrothed's part, and break the marriage off at the last moment.

Her fear was not justified. In the clear bright sunshine of a fine March morning, Cristine Singleton, arrayed in white velvet, Brussels lace, orange-blossoms, and pearls, knelt on the altar steps, and rose up Baroness Benjuda. The ceremony was less ornate and splendid than quite suited the bridegroom's Oriental taste, the guests assembled were fewer in number than seemed right to his lavish hospitality; but he could find no flaw in the beauty or the splendor of his bride; and he looked a proud and radiantly happy man as he walked, with astounding self-possession, down the long aisle, with that fair and shining vision on his arm.

Cristine's serene self-possession did not desert her on her wedding-day; she bore her new honors with a graceful ease that filled the Baron with rapture, and supplemented her mother's somewhat nervous hospitality with a ready tact of her own.

Looking at her, Nora could hardly recognise in this smiling, coolly-gracious woman the tearful, pleading Cristine of the previous night.

Nora herself was painfully nervous at the beginning of the ceremony which inevitably brought back memories of her own tragic wedding.

Arthur Beaupre standing beside her, and Vance Singleton watching her across the church, saw the color flicker in her face and the red lips quiver; but she controlled herself with a strong effort—perhaps the touch of Arthur's hand was reassuring, perhaps the calm of the sacred place fell on her spirit—and before the service ended the lovely face bore no trace of fear or trouble, only a sweet grave peacefulness.

Nettie was there, a radiant little matronly figure in garnet-colored velvet and soft fur, by her tall husband's side; Mrs. Clare too, and Jennie; but Jennie, for once, deserted both mother and sister to cling to Nora's hand—for the little cripple had taken one of her capricious fancies to the pale patient girl she had known as Miss Vansittart, and clung to her in and out of season with a persistency that once had all but cost Nora dear.

Not until the breakfast was over, and the necessary changes of dress effected, till the carriage waiting to convey the bride and bridegroom to the station was at the door, did Cristine show any sign of feeling; then, in saying good-bye to Vance, she threw both her arms around his neck, and whispered with something like passion—

"Try to think well of me in the future, Vance. I have been a bad daughter and a cruel sister: but—I will try to be a good wife."

There was no mistaking the fervent sincerity of the promise.

Vance was too startled to answer at once, though he returned the embrace warmly; and, when breath and words came back to him, he saw his sister's fair face framed in the carriage window, smiling back in gracious farewell.

But, evanescent as that emotional outburst had been, it left a more hopeful feeling in Vance Singleton's mind.

"All's well that ends well, Vance," said his mother, with a sigh of full content. "I never thought, after all her disappointments and misfortunes, that Cristine would be a great lady, after all."

"It is better than that, mother," he answered gravely. "Once, not long ago, I thought Cristine would never be a good woman. Now I hope and think she will."

That afternoon, when the wedding-guests had taken their leave, when Mrs. Bruce, worn out with the fatigue and excitement of the day, had stolen away to sleep off an incipient headache, Arthur and Nora found themselves alone.

The bright chill day was dying into dusk, the lamps were gleaming in the gray haze outside.

Within, only the ruddy firelight shone on Nora's warm velvet dress, on the slender clasped hands and sweet calm face.

She sat in her favorite attitude in the low chair beside the chimney corner, Arthur, leaning with crossed arms on the top of the *prie-dieu* chair, watched her in silence, wondering whither her thoughts had taken flight.

Then suddenly he spoke.

"Did you dread the ordeal to-day, Nora?"

She winced a little, but raised her large clear eyes to his, with the instant answer—

"Yes—it was terrible at first. I could think of nothing but that dreadful day of—"

She paused, with a shudder, and turned her head away.

The wound had been sore and deep, and must be long in healing; yet Arthur Beaupre thought, with a sudden quickening of his breath, that he dared touch it—at last.

"The worst is over now, my darling!" he cried fondly. "There is no need ever to look back any more. Nora, I have waited long and patiently for this moment; I must speak. My own love, you know what boon I ask, know how truly and unchangeably I love you. When shall my love meet some reward?"

She trembled violently; but there was no repulsion in the attitude of the graceful figure, no anger in the fair troubled face.

With a wild heart-throb, Arthur knew his cause had won.

"Nora, I have served as Jacob did for Rachel. When will my wife be mine?"

She rose and stood before him, a wild appeal in her great gray eyes.

"Arthur, may I be happy—dare I—is it right? My love, I love you so well, I would not do you harm."

"Harm, when you give me all I love on earth?" He clasped her to him in lover's rapture, and kissed the red sweet lips to stay their pleading.

"Dare you be happy, Nora? Dare to be anything else, when you are once my wife, and you shall see the tyrant I will be!"

She smiled, but a faint touch of the old trouble lingered around her lips and in her eyes.

"But you, Arthur—will you never regret that your wife has lost all that you used to praise in the old days—beauty and youth and gaiety of heart? See—I am almost an old woman!"

She touched the white locks with a pitiful upward look.

He stooped and kissed them with a sudden reverent passion, though he answered cheerily—

"Calumnies all, Mistress Nora! I regret nothing on this day that makes you mine; and whoever says my wife is not the youngest and best and fairest of women must answer to me, her LOVER AND LORD."

[THE END.]

Scientific and Useful.

ICE ROW BOAT.—An Oswego genius has invented a row boat for use on ice. It rests upon three steel runners and is propelled by round oars to the end of which spurs are attached. As the boat advances the oars shorten at every stroke, lengthening again before the next stroke by means of a spring inside.

EARACHE.—A writer offers the following remedy for earache, and says that he has never known it to fail to afford almost instant relief: "Olive oil, one ounce; chloroform, one drachm. Mix and shake well together; then pour twenty-five or thirty drops into the ear and close it up with a piece of raw cotton to exclude the air and retain the mixture."

TOOTHACHE.—A correspondent of a London paper gives the following as an instant remedy for toothache: With a small piece of zinc and a bit of silver (any silver coin will do), the zinc placed on one side of the afflicted gum and the silver on the other, by bringing the edges together, the small current of electricity generated immediately and painlessly stops the toothache.

NOVEL BAROMETER.—A French meteorologist has, in the exposed court of his house, two bars of iron planted in the earth, to each of which is fixed a conductor of coated wire, terminating in a telephonic receiver. His practice is to consult the apparatus twice or thrice every day, and it is said to never fail through its indications of earth currents to give notice of the approach of a storm twelve to fifteen hours ahead.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Take of pure bay rum or glycerine each one part, quince seed jelly two parts, mix. A few drops of oil of rose or any other perfume may be added to the bay rum before mixing. When diluted with rain water it forms an excellent dressing for the hair. The jelly is made by adding two drachms of quince seed to two pints of water, boiled down to one pint, filtered hot and allowed to cool. For certain skin diseases a drachm of boracic acid may be dissolved in each ounce of glycerine before mixing.

Farm and Garden.

STABLES.—As a rule the stables on most farms are too dark and ill-ventilated. Arrange at once to put some good large windows in yours, and see if you do not feel doubly paid within a month for all the expense incurred.

SEEDS.—A correspondent of *Vick's Magazine* recommends the curried-off hair of horse or cow to cover the surface of pots or boxes in which seeds have been planted, as retaining moisture as well as paper, cloth or moss, and neither requiring removal when the seeds sprout nor taking from watering. It keeps warmth, also, and is a superior fertilizer withal.

LIME AND ROT.—A New York paper says that lime seems to be a preventive of rot in potatoes in the cellar. Some potatoes that were rotting and were picked out of a heap of forty or fifty bushes were put into a corner and well dusted with air-slacked lime. They stopped rotting at once, and the decayed parts are now dried up. There is no disagreeable smell about them.

THE VOICE.—A fact that should be borne in mind by those engaged in horse training is that the horse has a very acute faculty for understanding and interpreting the tones of the voice. If you talk confidently, the animal acquires confidence; if your voice shows fear, he notices it and is afraid. Talk kindly to your horse, and he sure to understands the meaning of the tone if not of the words.

LOSS IN WEIGHT.—A series of experiments, instituted to test the average loss in weight by drying, show that corn loses one-fifth and wheat one-fourteenth by the process. From this statement it appears that farmers will make more by selling unshelled-corn in the fall at 75 cents than the following summer at $1 a bushel, and that wheat at $1.32 in December is equal to $1.50 for the same wheat in June following. This estimate is made on the basis of interest at 7 per cent., and takes no account of loss from vermin. These facts are noteworthy.

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 9, 1884.

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TRUE POLITENESS.

The notion which the great mass of the community entertains of politeness is obviously a conception of conduct only. If a man be courteous in his bearing towards those around him, and more particularly to women, he is held to be polite.

In practice it stands with the many, especially those who expect politeness from others rather than are concerned to exhibit it themselves, for a certain readiness to raise the hat, to open and shut doors, to hand chairs, and generally to perform a service of homage and courtesy, involving a multitude of small acts and submissions which together constitute the amenities of social life.

There is no difficulty in calling up the conception of a pattern of politeness in any mind, and we will leave the reader to sketch the portrait of such an ideal as he may please to fancy it for himself. It is not with the external, however, but with the internal we are interested.

True politeness springs from a feeling of respect—partly for self, and partly for the person or persons towards whom the politeness is so manifested. The tricks of the gallant have nothing whatever in common with the politeness of which we speak. They are the pinchbeck—the glittering but tawdry tinsel. This is the solid gold of genuine heartiness, the gleaming of the true metal which lies beneath and makes itself the worth of which the outward politeness is only the sheen, or, at most—in a social sense—the Hall-mark and register. When a true man acts politely, it is simply because he feels politely.

Courtesy does not consist in the intentional, or even conscious, observance of any code of manœuvres or mannerisms. A polite man may—we should say, will—be polite without in the least degree aiming to be so, or even being aware that he is. His acts are timely and self-possessed, his restraint is both intelligent and discriminating. He consults the feelings of others, or rather, he feels for and with them; and thus it comes to pass that his intercourse is characterized by a thousand and one little seeming attentions which are not merely gracious in themselves, but tend to call out the grace from others as they win their regard and charm their taste while gratifying the instinct of true politeness in those around.

In the daily experience of social relations there is nothing more admirable than genuine politeness. It smooths out the creases and rubs off the asperities of life. It renders the discharge of duty easier than it would otherwise be by reducing the number of occasions of annoyance to which we are all exposed, and which we unwittingly inflict on each other, by the brusquery that those who have grown weary of thoughtfulness in their dealing with their neighbors are only too ready to take on or affect.

Politeness is not so much an affair of others as of self. A gentleman does not think out for himself or learn a special line of conduct. He does not worry himself or others to determine "what ought" to be done or left undone in a particular set of circumstances. He simply does that which his nature prompts him to do, and it is unfailingly the right thing at the right moment.

The gentleness, or "gentility," as we call it, exists in his own being and character. He can no more err as to conduct than a well-bred dog can behave as a cur. So is it with politeness. The manners we call polite are the natural and unconscious expressions of a quality which is proper to the individual.

A polite man is polite to everybody. If he be more polite to some than to others, that is not because he tries to be so, but because he thinks more of those who are the objects of his best behavior, and, having them especially before his mind, they, as a matter of course, become the objects of a concentrated courtesy.

If you mean to live nobly, and seek to know the best things God has put within the reach of men, you must fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it.

Our nature is an instrument of many chords. To keep it in order we must play upon all its strings. And we must also change all its activities.

SANCTUM CHAT.

SPEAK the truth; yield not to anger; give, when asked, of the little thou hast; by these three steps thou shalt go near the gods.

—

ACCORDING to the report of the Postmaster-General, the English are the most prolific letter-writers in the world. The average per head is in England and Wales, 40; Scotland, 30; Ireland, 16; United States, 21; France, 15; Germany, 13; Italy, 6.

—

A LONDON paper shows that English medical men enjoy remarkable longevity. Out of thirty-five more or less distinguished professors of the healing art who have expired during the past year, two were 95 years of age, two 92, two 94, one 91, two 90, one 89, three 88, three 87, five 86, two 85, three 84, four 83, one 82, and four 80.

—

THE Hungarian Ministry of Internal Communication has issued orders that only officers of the rank of ministerial councillor shall be allowed to step on the staircase carpets, and that all officials below that rank must mount or descend on the uncarpeted strips of the staircase. These important orders are intended to save the state carpets.

—

THE Chinese laundrymen of New York are depressed on account of an order from the Chinese Consulate that no Celestial shall open a laundry in the metropolis within three blocks of any other Chinaman engaged in the same business. This is because of the fierce rivalry existing between the different wash-houses, which often leads to bloodshed.

—

DOWN South a new and unique pastime has been invented, which is known as "the melon contest." A large watermelon is picked out and placed in some store window, with the announcement that a prize—generally a watch and chain—will be given to the person who correctly guesses the number of seeds in it. At a recent contest, held in Knoxville, Tenn., 4,705 guesses were received from 14 different States.

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A REMARKABLE suit has been brought by a waiter in a hotel at the romantic Rolandseck, on the Rhine, prompted by the sense of wounded ambition on the part of the plaintiff, who hanged himself, but who was cut down by one of the guests in the hotel in time to save the would-be suicide's life. He is now suing his savior for undue interference and for damages sustained by the unauthorized cutting of the rope, which happened to be a new one.

—

IT can safely be asserted that if there be an art in which England maintains a generally high standard, it is not the art of cooking; and, therefore, there is considerable significance in the statement of the Secretary of the Yorkshire School of Cookery that the local demand for trained teachers of the culinary science is greater than the supply, and that "all the young ladies who entered the training class last spring are now employed, and in receipt of salaries varying from $250 to $300 a year."

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"THERE are more games of chance now being played in this city than at any time since the war," said a veteran gambler to a New York reporter. "There are, perhaps, fewer public gambling houses, but there are more 'clubs,' private and semi-public, where faro, red and black, and kindred games are played. There is also a species of 'lamb' resorts, in which recognized gamblers are prohibited, and where only young men, engaged in business, with a passion for increasing their worldly possessions, are permitted to play. It is needless to add that they are soon ruined."

—

SPENCER has analyzed the mysterious connection of music and feeling, in a very profound manner. He does not go quite to the extent of recommending music in place of ordinary medicine, but his theory evidently tends toward such a result. Every mental excitement or emotion, he declares, is accompanied by a corresponding muscular action, and the finer and loftier feelings find expression through the muscles that are exercised in the production of music. The philosophy of treating neuralgia with a tuning-fork obviously rests upon the same principle which Spencer here announces, and we have but to pursue it to its legitimate conclusion, and it is bound to justify the doctrine that in music lies the true secret of dealing with sickness.

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WE may judge a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. If a man manifests a delight in low, sordid objects, the vulgar song and debasing language, the misfortunes of his fellows or animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out his affections, we are satisfied he is an upright man. When we see a young man fond of fine clothes, and making a fop of himself, it is a sure sign that he thinks the world consists of outside show and ostentation, and he is certain to make an unstable man, without true affection or friendship, fond of change and excitement, and soon weary of those objects and pursuits which, for a time, gave him pleasure.

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AMONG the devices adopted for relieving tramps who are willing to work, is one known as the charitable wood-yard. A stock of wood is laid in, and when an able-bodied tramp comes along, he is set to work sawing and splitting it; and, if he is at all efficient, he receives ten cents an hour. Tramps who won't work are refused all aid. The wood is sold, and the charity is often self-sustaining. This is one way of treating the unemployed labor question, but if the general government were to spend some of its surplus money in great and needed improvements, it would do much to relieve the wants of the necessitous but industrious poor. Our water ways should be improved. We should have new harbor defenses, great guns, and a navy to defend our unprotected seaboard cities. Then we ought to build a merchant marine, and open steam communication under our flag with foreign countries. With a revival of industry there would be less need of charitable wood-yards.

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THERE is no doubt that thousands of people die annually simply from the drinking of impure water. To purify drinking-water so as to remove all matter becomes, therefore, of the first importance, and filtration being the simplest and most economical, it is desirable to have it more generally employed in households. One of the most perfect filterers is that in which gravel and charcoal are used. The arrangement is very simple. The water percolates, in the first instance, through a thin layer of gravel, beneath which there is a board full of holes, with several layers of clean sand and granulated charcoal; at the bottom of this there is another board, perforated and covered with flannel, through which the water drips into the bottom of the filterer, where there is a stop-cock. The stop-cock is for the escape of purified water, and is inserted slightly above the bottom, so that the escape of any possible sediment is most effectually prevented.

—

Two German mechanical engineers have sent to the municipality of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, the following proposal to cover the city with an umbrella: "Mr. Intendent—Aware of the spirit of progress of the Intendent of the Municipality of Buenos Ayres, we propose to construct what will undoubtedly be a convenience—an umbrella of immense size to cover the honorable capital, with the object of protecting it during rain—an umbrella of every profit to it, and that will make this city the most remarkable in the universe. The base or foot of the umbrella will be placed in the Plaza de Lores, and thence it will extend eastward to the pier, westward to Almagro, northward to Palermo, and southward to the Plazza Constitution. The foot or base of the said umbrella will be 670 feet in diameter, and have the height of 1,500 feet; the ribs will be of cast iron, and thirty-one inches in circumference, and be placed eight feet apart. It will hoist upward upon the system of Harelhentinsbure. The lining will be of wrought iron, one and a half inches thick, of the best make. When hoisted, the umbrella will be over a mile and a half wide, and around it will be a canal communicating with the River Platte, to carry away the water that might inundate the city." The proponents offer to do the work for $5,850,000, and to have it completed in 30 months.

GOOD-BYE.

BY G. M.

We say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
Good-bye!

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way—
Good-bye!

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond Earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night—
Good-bye!

Tempted.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

PROMISE me; the last words I shall ever hear, in this world. Swear that you never, never will touch a glass of wine. Swear it Edith—to your dying mother, that you never will follow the awful courses of your dead and gone ancestors."

The voice rang out sharp, agonized; the brilliant, glassy eyes gleamed momentarily; and Edith Milford shivered with horror, pain and sorrow as her quivering lips made answer—

"Mother, you know I never will touch wine. Have I ever? Must the Milford taint necessarily corrupt me?"

"You haven't seen as much as I have seen, Edith. Give me your oath to take to my grave with me—swear it—never touch in. Edith, be quick."

The voice suddenly failed, and the gaunt fingers groped for Edith's hand in an eager, entreating way.

"Mother, mother—anything—I swear it—mother. Speak to me again."

A brief, contented smile flitted radiantly over the face, and then Edith Milford was an orphan; alone in all the world.

* * * * * * *

An elegant room, and furnished in regally luxuriant style.

A portly self-possessed lady reclining in a capacious blue damask divan, seemingly vastly enjoying the wide-eyed, delightful wonder on Edith Milford's face as her dark grey eyes took in the elegant luxury of the room.

"Well, child, will it suit you? Do you think you can be content here with your only uncle and I?"

Mrs Gardner smiled kindly as she spoke, and Edith's eyes overflowed with thankful tears.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, please never ask me if I can be content. Rather make me be all my life trying to prove my gratitude to you in giving me a home where everything exceeds my wildest dreams."

"It is your uncle and I who feel grateful to you, for consenting to come and add the charm of youth to our lonely, dreary elegance. What's the good of wealth with no one to share or enjoy it? And since poor Nora died, I have been determined her child should be my child, to compensate partly for the long, sad estrangement between us, that began long before you were born—when she would persist in marrying Roy Milford, whom everybody knew was on the downward path every drinking man takes. But that's all past long ago, and we won't talk of it any more. Come, sit by me, dear, and let's plan for our summer tour."

And so Fairyland seemed suddenly to have opened its golden gates to the dazed, enchanted girl, about whom already people were raving—men over her beauty, women about her style, her sweetness.

* * * * * *

"You are nearly perfect to-night, Edith. Your dress is a marvel, and Ceris has certainly charmed every hair in your coiffure, turn round, child, let me see if the sash is draped gracefully."

Mrs Gardner's watchful eyes could find no flaw in the elegant toilet.

"You look well," she said, "perfect except a paleness I don't quite like. Where are your roses, child?"

Edith laughed.

"I think the excitement of expecting to meet the wonderful Mr. Leamington must have banished them. I have heard of other young ladies who fainted at the honor—after it was over."

An indulgent smile beamed on Mrs. Gardner's face.

"Such nonsense! although I will say; Edith, there isn't Mr. Leamington's match, and the girl that secures him will be the envy of all the rest."

"A desirable fate, certainly, auntie. Now am I ready to go forth to break lances with this paragon of men?"

"All but your roses. We must conjure a faint bloom."

Edith frowned.

"No paint, auntie. I never will do that, never."

Mrs Gardner smiled at her girlish earnestness.

"Certainly not paint, child. I detest lily-white and carmine as you do. No—you only need a slight stimulant to call up a little excitement, and then the carnation will bloom to Mr. Leamington's entire satisfaction, I'll warrant."

As she spoke, Mrs. Gardner poured a table-spoonful of red port into a tiny crystal champagne glass, and handed it to Edith.

"There are your roses, my dear; why—why—what on earth——"

She paused in sheer amazement.

If Edith had been pale before, she was ghastly now, and her eyes were full of horror and disgust.

"Take it away; oh, take it away. I wouldn't touch it for a fortune."

Mrs. Gardner looked steadily at her.

"I don't quite understand you."

The tears rushed to Edith's eyes.

"I made my mother a promise on her dying bed never to tempt the curse that may be dormant in my blood. Dear aunt, you are very kind, and I thank you, but, don't you see, I cannot do it."

A slow, sarcastic smile crept around Mrs. Gardner's lips, and when she spoke, it was in a slightly contemptous voice Edith never dreamed could proceed from her.

"I am not romantic myself, so I fail to appreciate your feelings. However, I do know I feel deeply wounded to think you would suppose me capable of offering you an injury."

She set the glass quietly down; Edith cut to the quick by this sudden coolness.

"Aunt, dear, don't be angry with me. You know how I love you, how grateful I am to you, how I wish to always please and obey you."

"It is not necessary to plead your excuse, Edith. I merely remarked I feel keenly that you could, for a moment, suppose me capable of doing anything that would not add to your welfare."

A strange, almost wild look came into her dilated eyes.

"Aunt you think it would be for my welfare?"

Her voice was inexpressibly strange.

Mrs. Gardner smiled frigidly.

"It is likely, after all I have tried to do for you, I would deliberately seek to harm you?"

"And you would be pleased if I obeyed you. I owe you obedience, don't I?"

Still the same constrained voice; the breath coming in gasps.

"It is not a question of obedience or courtesy. You have impugned my motive, and I am hurt."

One second of wild, whirling agony: one second, when the girl was shivered between two tempests, when it seemed duty urged both ways; and then—alas! for the mother in her grave! alas! for the taint in the Milford blood!—she swallowed the luscious, mellow wine.

"You must be right, auntie. I feel stronger and braver already. Forgive me."

Mrs. Gardner relented then; her victory was complete.

"You foolish darling, as if I, who love you better than all the world, would withhold my pardon or do you harm. Now go, dear, the carriage is waiting, and the roses blooming for Mr. Leamington's admiration."

* * * * * *

"My darling, if you would only listen to Dr. Starivelle. He assures me all you need is a few weeks in the country where there is absolute quiet."

John Leamington leaned lovingly over the couch on which Edith lay, her face flushed and her lovely liquid grey eyes shadowed by an almost unpalpable strangeness, and yet John Leamington saw it, with a deadly sinking of his fond, true heart, that he had given unhesitatingly to Edith Milford, the first time they met, a radiant, charming girl in shining white attire, with a glowing blackness in her wonderful eyes, and a delicious, fleeting, peachy tint on her round cheeks.

That had been a year ago; and now, Edith, the wife of six months, the idol and darling of her husband, lay on her invalid couch, flushed, but not with health; feverish, irritable, petulant.

Mr. Leamington sat beside her, earnest, grave, thoughtful, watching the evanescent beauty on her face, and wondering, as he caught glimpses of that unearthly shadow in her bright eyes, if it were really true that Dr. Starivelle had spoken correctly when he assured him that "nothing serious was the matter with Mrs. Leamington, nothing whatever; only a little nervous prostration, the result of her charmingly-performed and arduous duties as queen of society; a little chronic restlessness and excitement that a few weeks of perfect respite would possibly dispel."

He had told Edith this, in his tender, thoughtful way.

"I will secure you the best of attention, if you will go down to M——, dear. It is a lovely spot."

An irritable frown corrugated her forehead.

"It would be the death of me, John. The very idea of such a place makes me shudder. I know better than Dr. Starivelle what my system needs. I must have excitement—excitement all the while. Quiet kills me. John please give me my tonic—it is eleven o'clock isn't it?"

A troubled look at his wife's words crossed his face, as he passed a wine glass of "tonic," rich, delicious port, prescribed by Dr. Starivelle, to stimulate appetite and generally "tone" the system.

Edith took it in her trembling hands and drank it almost greedily.

"Port always helps me, John, and this is purely good."

She gave him one of her old, sweet smiles.

"You evidently have an appreciative taste," he returned, gaily; that smile had delighted him into momentary forgetfulness of his uneasiness.

"Indeed, I can appreciate any and all good things, yourself the best of all, my dear, kind husband, and you mustn't send me off in the miserable, stupid country.

And with her arms around his neck, John Leamington promised.

Is there a man who wouldn't?

* * * * * *

John Leamington stood face to face with Dr. Eldred, a most renowned physician, his face pale as ashes, his features working in convulsive agony.

Dr. Eldred was calm, pitiful, fatefully earnest, as his doomful words fell on the husband's ears.

"It gives me pain to say it, Mr. Leamington, and God knows I would spare you the slightest pang, but when I know your wife is dying of intemperance, when I know your own physician is ignorantly feeding her faster to death, I feel there must be no evasion of the terrible question. Mrs. Leamington is fated to die, and soon. God pity you both!"

The husband staggered into a chair, his very manhood struck by this terrible blow.

"There is nothing—no hope—no——"

Dr Eldred laid his hand on his throbbing pulse.

"Unless Heaven's mercy takes her in some other sudden way, there is no hope. Try to bear it; remember she is hardly to blame. Remember the awful legacy she had, and always pity and forgive."

John Leamington walked home in a dazed, uncertain way, and people looked pityingly at him as he passed, and once, on his unheeding ear, fell a word of commiseration from a gentleman in the street.

"How hard he takes it, don't he? He must have heard it down at the office."

At his door Dr. Starivelle met him, solemn, portly, resigned.

"Bear it like a man, Leamington, and remember she never knew what hurt her. Concussion of the brain.

"Good Heaven—havn't you heard?—your wife—didn't you see the messenger I sent to tell you?"

Leamington's white lips moved feebly.

"Is Edith dead?"

The doctor gazed curiously at him a moment, then wrung his hand sympathetically.

"Poor fellow—Edith is dead."

A moment of blinding agony, then a radiance shot over his face.

"God's will be done," he said.

And to this day, Dr. Starivelle never knows the cause of that expression at such a moment.

Lost and Won.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

WITHOUT! Hill and dale, mountain and meadow, orchard and pasture bathed in the full glory of a June sunset.

A carpet of green adorning the face of Nature.

Down the lane, shaded by tall and grand trees, in the distance, a pond that was catching the last beams of the great orb of day.

Beyond the trees, rocking lazily on the tide, a cozy little boat.

Within! A pleasant little sitting-room, a table spread as if for supper—such sweet-looking bread, such fresh-looking butter and cream, such delicate cakes and preserves, and, above all, a dish of the most tempting shortcakes, which would make your mouth "water" just to look at them.

All these were placed upon the table, on which was spread a cloth of the richest damask, edged and surrounded by napkins of the most immaculate purity; silver forks and shiny knives, crystal goblets and all the accessories that go to make up that enjoyable meal, supper, greeted the eye as they were seen under the flimsiest of lace coverings that kept the dust or flies at bay.

Between the bright glinting of the summer sunset on the landscape without, and the picture of domestic comfort within, sat, upon the door-step, Jessie Blake, looking like some woodland queen, covered and encircled as she was by the arbor of lovely June roses that were scarcely more beautiful than she was herself.

Jessie Blake was an orphan, having neither kith nor kin in this wide world save an uncle and cousin, with whom she dwelt.

When her last surviving relative, her dearly-loved mother, was taken from her, uncle Harold wrote to Jessie, and told her she might come and make her home with him and his daughter.

It was not very "homelike" to the poor girl, for she was treated more like a dependant than relative, and was made to feel her position.

While Jessie wore calico, Laura was dressed in silks; while Jessie was a household drudge, Laura played the fine lady.

But Jessie was only too glad of a roof to shelter her, and complained not at her lot.

Upon this summer evening Jessie was waiting the return of her uncle and cousin from the depot whence they had gone to meet and escort home Clarence Shelton, who was coming upon the evening train on a visit.

Clarence Shelton was considered by the young ladies to be quite a "catch," as he was, handsome, talented of noble traits of character, witty, genial, and with plenty of that very necessary article—money—and Laura was bound to catch him!

Miss Laura always felt sure of success in anything she undertook.

She never feared a rival in "plain little Jessie," as she called her.

Had she feared that, Miss Jessie would have been sent marching without a moment's warning.

No, indeed!

Who could look at Jessie in plain common prints, when Laura, resplendant in silk or satin, diamonds or pearls, stood before them!

Laura did not stop to think that we often prize the modest little violet more than we do the rarest hot house flower.

Jessie, as I have said, was waiting the return of her uncle and cousin and their illustrious guest, and while she was waiting, to while away the moments, she perused the pages of an interesting book.

What was the work? A love story? Just as though a tinge of love did not run through all stories and make them interesting!

The story was of one who passed by all the high and lofty mademoiselles and sought out for his wife one untitled, one not rich, one but little versed in the artful ways of artful people, but who possessed a soul of purity, a heart of honor, and a hand of kindness; one who was good to those as poor or poorer than she.

Little thinking there might be a listener, she exclaimed, as she closed the volume.

"Why can we not treat all with whom we come in contact alike? Why is there so much fawning upon the rich and frowning upon the poor? Why do we not look more at the heart and less at the habit? Why do we judge others by their garments instead of by their deeds, characters, and desires."

"Surely, why not?" exclaimed a pleasant voice at her elbow.

Jessie started and looked up in surprise.

Maybe she expected to see a prince in disguise, like the heroine of the story she had been reading; if so, he was disguised beyond recognition.

A rather tall form, in splashed boots, muddy garments, battered hat which was drawn down over the man's features, was what met the girl's gaze.

A most uncouth, bedraggled object he appeared to Jessie.

"A veritable tramp!" she observed to herself.

She was not alarmed. It was more a feeling of pity that took possession of her than one of fear.

"Young lady, you will excuse me for breaking in upon your reverie, I trust. Your words were so true, and you uttered them with such enthusiasm, I could not resist the impulse to applaud them," said the stranger.

Jessie thought if he were a tramp he expressed himself much above the average of that class of wanderer: but she kept her thoughts to herself, and quietly responded:

"I simply said what I meant and felt."

"And you would practise your precepts if you had the chance?"

"Certainly I would. What a question!"

"Supposing a tramp—one like myself for instance—should arrive at your door tired, weary, and hungry, would you set him adrift or invite him to sit at the table I catch a glimpse of, so daintily laid with such a tempting supper?"

"No one in want would I ever see depart from this door unsatisfied if I had my way," was the reply.

What Jessie did was not exactly prudent in one sense of the word, but she acted from a sense of duty, as she made that "tramp" go to the sink and wash his hands, and then sit down at the table spread for the expectant guest.

To be sure, she would rad that the stranger did not remove his hat while he ate, but she laid that more to thoughtlessness than impoliteness.

He seemed to relish the shortcakes by the way he ate them, and Jessie "hadn't the heart to say him nay."

Suddenly it flashed across her mind, what would Laura say when she drove up to the door with her expectant husband and saw a "tramp" devouring the tempting supper? Then she wondered what she herself would do and say when discovered.

She hadn't much time for thought are the carriage—coupe, Miss Laura loved to call it, "it sounded so Frenchy"—drove up to the door.

Miss Laura alighted and almost threw herself into the little dining-room.

Evidently something had occurred to ruffle her disposition, for she "flounced" down into a chair, exclaiming as she did so:

"Just like a man—never to keep a promise! I suppose Mr. Clarence Shelton thinks that, because he is a great catch, it is of no consequence whatever whether he keeps a promise. I'm only sorry I made so much preparation for him."

At this moment she looked at her table to see there a veritable tramp consuming the feast prepared as a bait for Mr. Clarence Shelton.

"And what is that, I should like to know?" she demanded. "Who is that eating those shortcakes? Why don't you speak?"

"Excuse me, lady," said a voice under the slouched hat; "the young lady here showed her goodness of heart by asking me to this repast."

"Young lady, indeed!" sneered Laura. "And I should just like to know how you dare ask every tramp that comes along to eat what does not belong to you? You should remember that you are dependant on father for everything, and it's the same thing as stealing to give away what he provides. As for this tramp here, he shall be sent packing; but before he leaves he shall be searched by father to see if he hasn't stolen some of the silver spoons."

"I am perfectly willing to be searched," answered the stranger.

"Willing or not, you'll have to be," answered Miss Laura.

"But, who are you who dares address me in this insulting way?"

Off came the hat from the stranger's head, and Miss Laura beheld a handsome face, a curly head, a raven black moustache, and all the accompaniments.

"Allow me to introduce myself as Clarence Shelton, somewhat the worse for wear."

Have you heard of persons wishing the ground would open and swallow them?

Such was the wish of Miss Laura; it was

also that of Jessie, ; n both from a different feeling.

Laura's was one of shame, mingled with mortification; Jessie's that of consternation at her mistake in taking Mr. Clarence Shelton for a tramp.

"I came in an earlier train than I expected, and thought, first, I would wait at the depot until you or your father arrived; but, on second thought, resolved to cut across country and make my way here at once, and thus save you trouble," explained the guest smilingly. "I must have taken the wrong path, for before I was aware of the fact that an empty well was in my way, I found myself in it. Fortunately the well was not deep, so I escaped with a scratch or two, but my garments wore a very unpresentable appearance. I climbed out of the well as best I could, and made my way here, not knowing it was the dwelling of yourself and father.

"This young lady thought I was a tramp, so I humored her to the extent of letting her show her good will and kindness of heart."

Here Jessie blushed, and Laura flushed under the consciousness of her great mistake.

"I'm sorry to have made this unceremonious entrance to your home, Miss Laura, but cannot say I regret it, for that young lady's sake"—pointing to Jessie—"since it has shown me the beautiful side of a character I can but praise and admire."

Then, without waiting for Laura's apologies or regrets, he bowed, said good evening, and was gone.

After that, Jessie's treatment became unbearable, so much so that the girl sought temporary refuge at a neighbor's.

Clarence Shelton was joined by his mother the following week, and both stopped at the place where Jessie was temporarily employed.

Both met her frequently.

Both admired her innate goodness.

Clarence Shelton's admiration grew into love.

He proposed and was accepted, and when the strawberries were ripe the next June, Jessie Blake became Jessie Shelton, and Laura had not make her "great catch."

Thus Laura lost, and Jessie won, a noble heart, mainly through those beautiful shortcakes!

The Hiding Place.

BY HENRY FRITH.

GRANDFATHER was dead!

Over and over again, the thought that he must die had made me cry my eyes nearly out, for though he was eighty, he was not too old to love.

And now it had happened, and was all over, and I sat in a kind of miserable dream, listening to Lawyer Curdle asking me—

Where grandfather kept his will?

Had I not been told.

Did I not know?

A will in my favor, leaving everything to me?

Of course I knew of it?

"Grandpapa wanted to tell me," said I, "but I would not let him. I could not bear to think of his being dead. I hoped he would not die before I did."

"In legal matters, ladies are little short of idiots," said Mr. Curdle.

"I grieve to distress you, but I suppose you know there's a rampant old fury downstairs, who claims the place and everything in it—who is really your grandfather's sister—and who, if there is no will found, can turn you out of house and home. You know your grandfather was only step-father to your mother. You were not actually related at all.

"Come, now: plain speaking is necessary—if we find the will, you are an heiress; if not, a beggar."

"Nothing could make me that," said I; "nothing while I have ten fingers."

But he had roused me at last.

Where had grandfather told me the will was?

I tried to think.

No, he had not told me.

I had put my hand over his mouth, and said—

"Grandpa, don't; I shall cry myself to death if you die, so I shan't want anything."

And he had said—

"Well, well, I know you are not waiting for dead men's shoes; I know that, my child—and some other day, some other day."

And the next morning he was found dead in his bed.

"You see it is somewhere," said I, "else grandpa would not have mentioned it."

"You don't think he had destroyed it, and was about to make a new one?" asked the lawyer.

"No," said I, "I think not. I'll try to remember what he said exactly. Oh, this was it, I think—

"'Beulah, it will be very important when I come to leave you that you shall know about my will.

"'I have made one and hid it in the most ingenious place.'

"Then I stopped him. That's all."

"Utter insanity," said Mr. Curdle; "utter insanity!"

He was usually very polite, but I did not wonder that his equanimity was disturbed when I went downstairs and saw the person whom he had described as a "rampant old fury."

She was a very old woman, with hair that was still bright red, and a long, sharp nose.

She was talking at the top of her voice, apparently to no one in particular.

"Lawyers, lawyers," she was saying; "all alike the world over.

"Didn't send me word of my poor brother's death; not a word, not a line; so that I shouldn't come to claim my own.

"Left it to that girl, eh? Humbug! She's no relation to him; she's no relation at all.

"Margaret Boker had a little girl already by a first husband when she married him. This is that girl's child.

"No blood relation—none. No, no. My brother and I haven't been friends, I know, but all the same if he hasn't left a will—and I know he didn't—all his property is mine!"

She took snuff and scowled at me furiously.

I shrank away, and began to feel how important it was that the will should be found.

I searched eagerly enough now.

I turned back carpets and shook out curtains.

I rummaged every desk and drawer, trunk and box in the house.

All in vain.

At last even Mr. Curdle acknowledged that further search was hopeless.

"A man should confide his will to his lawyer," said he; "a lawyer's box is the safe place for it.

"No doubt this old woman has employed someone to steal your grandfather's will from its 'very ingenious' hiding place, and the result is that you are a beggar."

"You are ridiculing poor dead grandpapa, and calling me names," I said, bursting into tears.

"My poor, foolish child!" said Mr. Curdle, "why didn't you hear what he had to say, at least?

"Together, you have made a nice mess of it."

We had certainly, as I acknowledged when old Miss Humphries took possession of the homestead, and I found that I was no longer mistress of the dear old place—that I had not even a right there, but was an interloper.

When, to crown all, she came to me as I lay weeping on my bed, and said in her harsh nasal tones—

"Beulah, sit up, and stop crying. I've got something to say to you."

I sat up and wiped my eyes.

I considered her an enemy, and one never wishes to weep before one's enemies.

"Providence is Providence, Beulah More," said she; "you oughtn't to rebel ag in it—no, you oughtn't.

"You ought to be contented in the condition you've been called to.

"But I'm not a hard-hearted woman; I'm willing to have you stay with me. You can help me in the work, you know.

"I don't keep servants—a lazy, idle set, eating you out of house and home.

"A young gal like you can be useful if she's grateful and willing, so I'll keep you Beulah More."

I was only fourteen years old, but I knew as well as I know now that I should be a servant without wages, and I should have preferred service anywhere else.

But as she spoke, a thought darted into my head.

Grandfather had certainly spoken of hiding a will somewhere.

If I stayed and rubbed and scrubbed, and dusted diligently, I should discover it if it was above ground, and not stolen, as Mr. Curdle believed.

Ah, how delightful to discomfit her at last!

How well worth the hard fate and the hard work I knew I should have to endure.

Yes, even her unpleasant company could be borne with this end in view.

So I said, taking care not to speak too eagerly, that I would stay, and I gave myself a year to find the will in.

A year is an eternity at fourteen.

That very day, old Miss Humphries began to show me my position by turning me out of my pretty bedroom, and sending me into a garret, with a sloping roof.

I had had a pretty carpet, white curtains, a bookcase, a Turkish chair, and dainty bed, all white and pink, and toilet service pink and white also.

I had never done any work, except putting this room in order, for we had two old servants besides a man.

Now I scrubbed floors and washed windows and dishes, and had no time to read or sew, or wander in the woods, or enjoy myself in the garden.

Miss Humphries sent all my school-girl friends from the door when they asked for me, and it was only after a long, hard fight that I obtained my books, my sewing basket, and my few window plants, with which to make my garret more homelike.

My black suit became shabby.

I felt ashamed to go to church, and I knew not where to procure other clothing.

I was very miserable, but all the while I never forgot my object.

Not only did I continue my search all day, but at night I often pattered about the house in my bare feet.

I had found many curious places where a will might have been hidden.

For instance, the posts of grandfather's bed had a hollow space in them, covered with a carved cap, shaped like a pine-apple, which came off.

And behind the carved wooden mantelpiece in his room—the original house was a hundred years old—they said, and very curious—there was a receptable that might have concealed fifty wills.

The old woman never suspected me.

Besides, she was half the time asleep, nodding in her chair.

She had a delight in seeing me at work, and set me tasks as hard to me as those the malevolent fairy put upon poor Gracioso were to her.

Wherever I was sent I went.

Who knew where the will might be?

But now the year I had given myself was nearly over, and the malevolent fairy of my existence had ordered me to whitewash the cow-house—by the way, I always milked the cow—and I had agreed to do it with a feeling upon me that endurance was almost at an end, that hope was almost gone, that I must leave that place if I starved.

No wonder I was thin, and had lost my fine complexion.

The lime was mixed and the brush was found.

"Put it on thick, Beulah," said my taskmistress; "we don't want any of the boards to show.

"Why, where's your stick?"

"I can't find one to fit," said I, disconsolately.

"Oh, I can reach, I think."

"You can't," said she. "The idea of whitewashing with a short brush. Go and hunt up a stick. Why, I know where there's one—in your own room. I saw it to-day."

"That's dear grandpa's cane," said I.

"I don't care.

"Get it," said she. "It's only a stick, cane or not."

"I won't use that in such a way," said I; "grandfather's cane, that he used to walk with every day—that I used to ride on when I was a baby. Dear old cane, that seems part of him. I wouldn't use it so for worlds."

"Sentimental nonsense," said the old woman.

"The idea! When I'm dead, they can do what they like with my umbrella, I'm sure. Get the stick."

"I won't," said I.

"Then I will, and you'll use it," said she.

Away she went to the garret, and down she came with the thick and heavy cane, with neither curve nor carving on it—a sort of pale grey wood, polished like glass.

"Here's the stick, and you'll see my word is law here."

I never stirred.

"Tie that stick on the whitewash brush and go to work," said she.

"I won't," said I.

"You won't?"

"No."

"You're a pretty big girl, Beulah More," said she, "but if you don't, I'll whip you."

"I dare you to touch me," said I.

She lifted the stick.

I'm not sure whether she would not have struck me, or whether it was in menace; but I caught it.

"Give me my grandfather's cane!" I cried; and pulled.

She pulled.

In a moment more a queer thing happened.

The cane parted in the middle, and the old woman flew one way and I another.

She lay on her back, bemoaning herself.

I, younger and lighter, picked myself up at once.

But I held on to my half of grandfather's cane, and shouted wildly for joy, for in an instant I saw that the cane was not broken, but that it was made in two halves, and that the one I held was hollow.

Something protruded from it.

All I saw was a bit of stiff, crackling parchment, but I knew as well as I did when I drew it out, that I had found grandfather's will at last.

She knew it, too.

She scrambled up, as I flourished it over my head, and flew at me.

I am not sure that my life would have been safe had she caught me.

Terror, as well as joy, lent wings to my footsteps.

I flew out of the garden, down the lane, and up the road to the office of Mr. Curdle.

There, in my old frock, with whitewash daubed over it, I appeared, breathless and voiceless, grasping in my hand, dirty and hardened with coarse work, the proof that I was heiress to a fortune.

When I went back to the homestead, it was as its mistress, and I never saw old Miss Humphries again.

She had returned to her former dwelling-place, leaving many anathemas behind for me.

They never hurt me.

I found the other half of the dear old cane, and rejoined it to its mate.

I loved it before; naturally. I loved it more than ever now, and I still keep it as a talisman.

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By the Sea Waves.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

CAPTAIN EDWARD BARTON was very fond of lounging in the large window of his seaside lodgings after breakfast, and watching the girls go down to bathe; and by the time they had had their dip, and were walking or sitting in the sun to dry their hair the gallant officer was amongst them.

Captain Barton was not to be caught with chaff, though; he knew pretty well whose hair was Nature's gift, and whose had been carefully taken in its owner's fair hand and sunken in a pail inside the bathing machine "to make it match the rest."

There were two girls to whom no exception could be taken.

Their cheeks had a healthy bloom, their eyes sparkled with youth and merriment, and their hair—that of one was brown, and the other golden—grew out of their own heads; and as our Captain passed them a delicious salt smell hung about the dishevelled locks that was quite inspiring.

He was just ruminating to himself as to whether blue eyes or brown were best, when a voice with a rich oily brogue attached to it arose behind.

"Don't be cutting me, now, Barton! But sure, ye've got some excuse for blindness after staring at that girl's wicked eye so long!"

For a refined, polished young man like Captain Barton to be thus assailed was most aggravating; but having satisfied himself that no one else heard the remark, he greeted this vociferous brother-officer civilly.

"I've run down for a dip," pursued O'More, genially; "and I never saw a prettier couple of girls than those I saw ye looking at!

"Do ye know them at all?"

"Not in the least. Impossible for a man to know a young lady he meets at a sea-side place."

"Och, then," said O'More, looking back after the girlish figures which were now arranged on either side of a stout old lady, "I'd go out of my way to have a few minutes' conversation with the two of them."

"Sorry I can't introduce you. Have a cigar?"

"Not just now. Have they bathed yet, do ye know?"

"Why, man," cried Barton, laughing, "how should I know?"

"Ye might have seen them. But I think they have, for their hair's all wet.

"Will you dine with me to-night at the 'Bear?'"

"Thanks—yes," said Barton. "Where are you off to now?"

"To enjoy myself—and find a way of knowing those girls."

"Impossible!"

"To a stolid Englishman like you, yes; but where there's a beauty in the case, leave an Irishman alone! I bet you a guinea I get acquainted with them this very day."

"Absurd! I'll take you at once, O'More."

During the very hot afternoon the two young beauties and the stout old lady went busily in search of live curiosities for their aquarium.

Captain O'More kept an eye on them as they strolled amongst the rocks below, while he was on the cliff above.

At last he saw the old lady sit down on a sheltered bit of sand, quite exhausted with the heat; and then he went down amongst the little pools and rocks.

Fervently and earnestly he groped in every hole as if aquariums were his livelihood.

At last, by a rare stroke of fortune, he found something—he did not know what its name was—that drew the eyes of the two beautiful young ladies enviously toward him.

"He's got it! and we shan't find another, I know!" murmured one disappointed fair to the other.

Quick as thought, the Irishman secured what he knew now to be a prize, in his pocket-handkerchief, and then sauntered on.

The girls approached the old lady, and he saw the three were eagerly watching him.

He pretended to have met with further success, and stooped as if to secure another treasure.

Then he saw the old lady ambling toward him, a sort of dumb apology breaking in every gesture.

"Pardon me, sir," she commenced, "but we have for days been disappointed in obtaining an addition to our aquarium—would you allow me to see if you have secured what we have failed in finding?"

O'More lifted his hat with most retiring grace, undid his pocket-handkerchief and listened rapturously as the lady excitedly cried—

"Beautiful creature! Bertha, Winifred, the very one you are looking for!"

Then O'More's hat was raised once more respectfully, and he had entreated the acceptance of the jelly-like substance he was secretly longing to get rid of.

"Oh! no," said brown-haired Bertha. "It wouldn't be fa'r—would it, Winnie?"

"No," murmured Winnie, looking softly up.

"We thought you had two."

"Pray, madam, oblige me by accepting it for your daughters," said the cunning Irishman, still besieging "mamma"—and

somehow or other, when the treasure was transferred, he followed up his opportunity by offering his card and begging to be allowed to send them some other fine specimens the following day.

The card was respectable—and moreover—the mother of the girls knew some O'Mores; and Captain O'More declared that the people she knew were his cousins; and then with an assumption of that assurance which emanates from the Emerald Isle in rich profusion, he went back through the town to call on Mrs. Graham.

Captain Barton met him walking with expansive breast, and beaming smiles; and could scarcely believe his eyes when his successful friend calmly nodded and slightly winked at him!

"I'll take my chance now, Barton; it will pay for the campaign," said he, when he joined the captain.

"Take your chance? Perhaps you'll introduce me now?"

"With pleasure, my boy—but first we will dine, and then we can go out to listen to the band and so on."

A capital collection of "things" for aquariums was purchased forthwith and sent to Mrs. Graham; and now every day the old lady's work was cut out, for Captain O'More was always in attendance on Bertha while Captain Barton paid unmistakable attention to Winifred.

It was painful to witness the chaperone's efforts to see what was going on before and behind her.

She was just meditating on securing her daughters by two long chains of her chatelaine when Captain O'More proposed and was accepted; and no doubt her efforts in the other direction might have happily relaxed but that on the very day when such very decided proofs of hopeless adoration were visible in Captain Barton's face, something happened—right in front of all the people who had been watching the affair for days, too!

"Dear Ned, I am so glad!" cried a gushing voice; and Captain Barton turned with a slightly heightened color to greet a fashionably dressed girl, who continued to run on. "Do come and take me out; it is so fearfully dull in the hotel, and mamma can't stir in the sun, you know." And he raised his hat politely to the Grahams, and Winifred saw "that girl" take his arm and march him off as if he were her property!

Later in the day a dowager asked Mrs. Graham if she had seen that "lovely Mrs. Barton?"

The British matron's ire was roused; but no signs appeared to show the vexation felt, as Mrs. Graham coolly enquired:

"What Mrs. Barton?"

"Captain Barton's wife—you saw her this morning, you know."

The moon was shining over the restless little ripples that broke on the rocks that night; and many lovers were wandering in their fool's paradise.

But two that we know of were not.

"Where's Winnie—and Barton?" demanded O'More of his future mother-in-law, as she grimly sat out the watch the lovers were keeping.

"Winnie is at home—and your friend, I presume, is where he ought to have been long ago, with his wife!"

"It is his wife ye say?" hotly enquired the Irishman. "By Jabers, Mrs. Graham, I'm not the man at all at all to hear my best friend slandered!"

"You saw her yourself walk off the parade with him arm-in-arm this morning," cried the mother, waxing warm in her turn.

"Just excuse me, ma'am; I see it all!—when Winnie saw that, she thought he was married. No, ma'am, we have no such scoundrels in 'ours'? That lady is the wife of Barton's sailor brother, and her own husband is in China. And you out Barton dead to-night near the band—I'll go and find the fellow."

And before that moon had paled there was another pair of lovers, and Mrs. Graham sat in her easy chair pretending to crochet, and listening drowsily to a double fire of earnest requests for the fixing of early wedding-days.

LITTLE ONES.—A writer in a juvenile magazine lately gathered a number of dictionary words as defined by certain small people, of which the following seem genuine: "Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out. Fan—A thing to brush warm off with. Ice—Water that staid out in the cold and went to sleep. Monkey—A very small boy with a tail. Salt—What makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on. Snoring—Letting off sleep. Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned.

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True and False.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

We sat around the fire in a disconsolate circle, that dreary, drizzling May night.

The rain pattered against the window panes, and the poor daffodils in the borders drooped and nodded as if they would fain hide their golden heads once more in the cool earth.

My cousin Eleanor, and I.

Eleanor, just pretty, and silver-haired, with her widow's cap and dress of black crape, the sweet-looking old lady I was not related to.

I loved her dearly, looking up to her always did, like a princess with large, dark eyes, Diana-like features, and hair twisted in a sort of coronal around her queenly head.

While I, plain, homespun Susannah—commonly called, "for short," Susy—crouched upon a footstool in the corner, my elbows on my knees, and my chin in my hands.

Uncle Barnabas Berkelin sat in the middle of the circle, erect, stiff, and rather grim.

He was stout and short, with a grizzled moustache, a little, round bald spot on the crown of his head, and two glittering black eyes that were always sending their dusky lightnings in the direction least expected.

Uncle was rich, and we were poor.

Uncle was wise in the ways of the world, and we were inexperienced.

Uncle was prosperous in all he did, while, if there was a bad bargain to be made, we were pretty sure to be the ones to make it.

Consequently, and as a matter of course, we looked up to uncle and reverenced his opinions.

"What do we propose to do about it?" Eleanor slowly said, lifting her beautiful jetty brows.

"Yes, that's exactly it," said my mother, nervously; "because, Barnabas, we don't pretend to be business women, and it's certain that we can't live comfortably on our present income. Something has got to be done."

And then my mother leaned back in her chair, with a troubled face.

"Yes," said uncle, "something has got to be done. But who's to do it?"

And another dead silence succeeded.

"I suppose your girls are educated," said uncle. "I know I found enough old school-bills when I was looking over my brother's papers."

"Oh course," said my mother, with evident pride; "their education has been most expensive. Music, drawing, use of the globes——"

"Yes, Yes; of course," interrupted uncle. "But is it practical? Can they teach?"

Eleanor looked dubious.

I was quite certain that I could not.

Madame Lenoir, amid all her lists of accomplishments, had not included the art of practical tuition.

"Humph!" grunted uncle. "Queer thing, this modern idea of education. Well, well, if you can't teach, you can surely do something! What do you say Eleanor, to a situation?"

"A situation?"

The color fluttered in Eleanor's cheeks like pink and white apple blossoms.

"I spoke plain enough, didn't I?" said uncle, dryly. "Yes a situation!"

"What sort of a situation, uncle?"

"Well, I can hardly say. Part servant, part companion, to an elderly lady," explained the old gentleman.

"Oh, Uncle, I couldn't do that."

"Not do it? And why not?

"It's too much—too much!" whispered Eleanor, losing her regal dignity in the pressure of the emergency, "like going out to service."

"And that is precisely what it is," retorted uncle, nodding his head. "Service. Why, we're all out at service in one way or another in this world."

"Oh, yes, I know," faltered poor Eleanor, who, between her distaste to the proposed plan and her anxiety not to offend uncle, didn't quite know what to say. "But I—I've always been educated to be a lady."

"So you won't take the situation, eh?" said uncle, staring up at the wishy-washy little water-color drawing of Cupid and Psyche, an "exhibition piece" of poor Eleanor's, which hung above the chimney piece.

"I certainly do not indeed, sir!"

"Wages twenty-five pounds a year," mechanically repeated uncle, as if he were saying a lesson. "Drive out in the carriage every day with the missus, eat and entertain like one of us, modern house, with all the improvements, Susy always there to cheer her, and two weeks spring and autumn, to visit your mother."

"No, uncle, no," said Eleanor, with a little shudder, "I am a true Berkelin, and I could not, to earn all the gold——"

Uncle gave such a prolonged sniff as to suggest the idea of a very bad cold in his head, indeed.

"Sorry," said he. "Heaven helps those who help themselves, and you can't expect me to be any more liberal-minded than Heaven.

"Sister Rachel," to my mother, "what do you say?"

My mother drew her pretty little finger up a trifle more erect than usual.

"I think my daughter Eleanor is quite right," said she. "The Berkelins have always been——"

I was so quiet, still, with my chin on my knees, during all this family discussion.

But now I rose up and came creeping to Uncle Barnabas' side.

"Well, little Susy," said the old gentleman, laying his hand kindly on my wrist, "what is it?"

"If you please, uncle," said I, with a rapidly throbbing heart, "I would like to take the situation."

"Bravo!" cried uncle.

"My dear child!" exclaimed my mother.

"Susannah!" uttered Eleanor, in accents by no means laudatory.

"Yes," said I. "Twenty-five pounds a year is a great deal of money, and I never was afraid of work. I think I will go to the old lady, uncle. I'm sure I could send home at least twenty pounds a-year to mother and Eleanor, and then the two weeks would be so nice. Please, uncle, I'll go back with you to London when you go. What's the lady's name?"

"Her name?" said uncle. "Didn't I tell you? It's Prudence—Mrs. Prudence."

"What a nice name!" said I. "I know I shall like her."

"Well, I think you will," said uncle, looking kindly at me, "and I think she will like you. Is it a bargain for the nine o'clock train to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," I answered, stoutly, taking care not to look in the direction of my mother and Eleanor.

"You're the most sensible of the lot," said uncle, approvingly.

But after he had gone to bed in the best chamber, where the ruffled pillow-cases were, and the chintz-cushioned easy chair, the full strength of the family tongue broke on my devoted head.

"I can't help it," quoth I, holding valiantly to my colors. "We can't starve. Some of us must do something. And you can partly live, mother, darling, on twenty pounds a year."

"That is true," sighed my mother from behind her lace-bordered pocket-handkerchief. "But I never thought to see a daughter of mine going out to—to service!"

"And Uncle Barnabas isn't going to do anything for us after all," cried out Eleanor, indignantly. "Stingy old fellow! I should think he might at least adopt one of us. He's as rich as Croesus, and never a child nor a——"

"He may do as he likes about that," I answered, independently. "I prefer to earn my own bread."

So the next morning I set out for the unknown bourn of London me.

"Uncle," said I, as the train reached the city, "how shall I find where Mrs. Prudence lives?"

"Oh, I'll go there with you," said he.

"Are you well acquainted with her?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, very well indeed," answered uncle, nodding his head sagely.

We took a cab at the station, and drove through so many streets that my head spun around and around like a teetotum, before we stopped at a pretty mansion—it looked like a palace, to my unaccustomed eyes—and uncle helped me out.

"Here is where Mrs. Prudence lives," said he, with a chuckle.

A neat little maid, with a frilled white apron and rose-colored ribbons in her hair, opened the door with a courtesy, and I was conducted into an elegant apartment, all gilding, and blue satin damask, when a plump old lady dressed in black silk, with the loveliest Valenciennes lace at her throat and wrists, came smilingly forward like a sixty-year-old sunbeam.

"So you've come back, Barnabas, have you," said she, "and brought one of the dear girls with you? Come and kiss me, my dear."

"Yes, Susy, kiss your aunt," said uncle, dinging his hat one way and his gloves another, as he sat complacently down on the sofa.

"My aunt?" I echoed.

"Why, of course," said the plump old lady; "don't you know? I'm your Aunt Prudence."

"I thought," gasped I, in bewilderment, "that I was going to——"

"Well, my dear," retorted uncle, "I'm a kind of adopted daughter to the family. Twenty-five pounds a year pocket-money, and to make yourself generally useful——"

"Oh, uncle," cried I, "I wish I would have been so good to come if she had known it."

"Fiddlestrings and little fishes!" illogically responded my uncle. "I've no patience with a girl that's too fine to work. Prudence read the situation offered her, and she chose to decline. You decided to come, and here you stay. Ring the bell, Prue, and order tea, for I was a fool not to ask for it, and I dare say little Susy here won't relish a cup of tea."

And this was the way I drifted into my luxurious home.

Eleanor, in the country cottage, envies me bitterly, for she has all the tastes which wealth and a metropolitan home alone can gratify.

But uncle will not hear of my exchanging with her.

"No, no," says he; "the girl I've got is the girl I mean to keep. Miss Eleanor is too fine a lady to suit me."

But he lets me send them liberal presents every month, and so I am very happy.

WINSTON, FORSYTH CO., N. C.

GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to I commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and as well as congregation can testify to the great virtues of your bitters.

Very respectfully,

REV. H. FEREBEE.

MODES OF LIVING.

EXCLUDING beef and dairy products, Chinamen eat everything that is edible—horse and ass flesh, snakes, rats, mice, dogs, grasshoppers, spiders, worms, cocoons, sea cucumbers, swallows' nests, etc.

During while living near Pekin, I saw a very strange scene. There appeared [illegible] of grasshoppers. Suddenly the head waiter [illegible] with Chinamen, who ran frantically hither and thither gathering them in. They filled large sacks and bags with the insects.

They carried portable stoves, on which they roasted their curious game. Other Chinamen greedily devoured the grasshoppers, paying a penny for ten.

At the head of all meats Chinamen put, of course, pork. In their opinion, to the hog belongs the first place in the list of domestic animals. If you ask a Chinaman why, he will answer you proudly: "Because it was a hog from which the Chinamen descended!"

Don't you see the Celestials have beaten Darwin on the theory of the descent of man? It is only natural, then, that among Chinamen hogs should enjoy full rights of citizenship. Like dogs, they wander wherever they please.

A Chinese street without a number of hogs is an impossibility. Are there many hogs in China? I should think so. On a single holiday in memory of their ancestors—not the original ancestors, the hogs, but [illegible] human ancestors—the Celestials eat [illegible] hogs.

I must admit that Chinese pork is superior to any I have ever met with on the globe. [illegible] we were obliged to buy pigs, [illegible] but I never saw them eating cats.

Of birds the Chinese eat silver-pheasants, ducks, geese, chickens, jackdaws, crows and many others.

Curiously enough, the so-called Cochin-China [illegible] rarely seen here.

Among the [illegible] of the Chinese must be mentioned the fins of sharks and the nests of sea-swallows. Under the latter is understood not the whole nest, but only the mucilaginous inner coating of the nests.

It is believed that the swallows who build their nests on the sea-rocks cover their nests and glue them to the rocks with the juice of sea-cane, which, on being dried looks like mucilaginous membrane. On the market these nests are found in the shape of a hemisphere of the size of a half orange peel.

The nests are sold here at from $15 to $20 per pound.

They are used principally for making broth, to which they give a peculiar aroma and taste, much valued by gastronomers.

Rice stands, of course, at the head of vegetable foods.

Without rice-gruel no meal is served here. "Fan" means both "to have a meal" and "to eat rice gruel."

The brown rice, which is common rice, but heated and moisty, is much liked. There is also a red variety of rice.

Honey is much used here, but chiefly as a cosmetic. After being mixed with flour it is used by the women in their hair-dressing.

With their hair saturated, sticky and shining with honey, they must be indeed, sweet.

As everybody knows, the Chinese are [illegible] which they cultivate to the exclusion of [illegible] the world.

They drink it at every meal, at home and out, when idle and at work in shops and [illegible] at every hour, and at any [illegible] day or night.

Hyson, black and green sorts of tea they prepared only for export, while they themselves use exclusively yellow tea. They take tea in small cups and without sugar.

Though in China there are excellent sorts of grapes, yet no wine is prepared there. The Chinese make two kinds of whisky—of sago and of rice—and drink a good deal of it. Wine is [illegible] here. A thin gill of the shape of an hour-glass is used for whisky-drinking.

They had no glass works here until recently, when an American gentleman taught some Celestials to make glass. During my thirty years' residence here I have never seen a single drunken Chinaman on the street. No coffee or chocolate is used here.

The usually fertile soil of the country yields products enough to satisfy the appetite of the Celestials, and in view of their peculiar philosophy of the stomach, they might [illegible] of them, to reach the blissful state of satiety.

Yet how many of them are lean, hungry, with wistful eyes and hollow stomachs? What a [illegible] of these thin fellows presents, whose all-absorbing idea is to be thick!

When I look upon the crowd of hollow-cheeked Chinamen and then upon the few who are in the blissful state of corpulency, I cannot help thinking of the lean kine and the fat-fleshed kine of Pharaoh. I. B.

LUMINOUS PAINT.—The newest use which has been made of luminous paint is its application to harness. By this means the position of the horse is plainly seen at night, and the animal is not alarmed by an [illegible] equipment.

A [illegible] cannot [illegible] to be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], but what it [illegible] to [illegible], the [illegible] of years and experience can [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] run out.

Our Young Folks.

JESSIE'S TANGLES.

BY PIPKIN.

"I SAY, Spitfire, do a fellow a good turn, will you?"

"There's no Spitfire here to do a good turn."

"Oh, come, that sounds very like a fib; but really, old girl will you lend Ned your skates?"

"No; and 'tis mean of a boy to ask a girl to lend him her skates when he's broken his own; and, besides, I may want them myself presently."

"Well, little body, you are the mean one; I think."

So by half wrangled Jessie Maitland, sitting in the bow-window on the half landing, half gallery of the Rookery, her grandparents' home, and Tom Rickton, one of three tricksy young boy cousins who had come to spend their winter holidays there. Of a hot, fiery, impulsive temper was Jessie very like the sunny clime wherein she was born, where her parents were still toiling among the heathen, while they hoped their little daughter was also toiling and learning, growing up into a good, true-hearted woman.

Poor little affectionate Jessie! this faulty temper of hers had never been really found out till these prankish cousins came to test it.

There she sat now in her nine-year-old dignity, her dark face a wonder of proud disdain.

"Is that your final decision, fair lady?"

"Yes."

"For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there is one, seek it and find it,
And if not never mind it"—

sang the lad, turning to descend the stairs.

"But what frippery have you there?" he asked, as his eyes took in the heap of finery in her little work-table.

"I'm dressing a doll for one of mamma's little native girls," spoke the child, a tender thrill in her voice as her thoughts winged their way to her dear, sunny Indian home.

And so she was, dressing her like a Hindoo woman, but substituting lace for the flowing muslin to hang in graceful folds.

"We'll dress a doll some day, and call her Spitfire, won't we, Thomas?" quoth the boy, stroking a large black cat, which came leaping up the stairs to his mistress's side; then he went vaulting away with a boy's clatter.

"I say, old lady, we'll pay you out for it," he shouted back to her from the hall door.

"Pay away!" was her not very ready like answer.

And so the short winter day passed and twilight came down, when Christmas carols and laughter broke the stillness of the hall, and Jessie ran out from the drawing-room to see what was the matter.

Ah! there was a little dress, looking something, running out the back door, and yard door like a rocket down the stairs, out, and out, and out it flowed, and now the whole Indian lady came tumbling down after it.

The younger boys were out on the lawn already with the culprit Thomas, but Tom ran to the rescuing Miss Dolly.

"You bad, wicked, vindictive boy!" cried Jessie, as her eye took in the state of affairs.

"Oh, come, spare your adjectives, young lady, you ought to thank me for saving this precious body from a broken nose," said Tom, giving the doll into her clutching hands.

In came the two outsiders, one with Thomas in his arms, the other winding up the door, not much better than a dirty string; and out came Aunt Mary.

The young ones stood in awe of Aunt Mary.

Jessie's hand was raised to strike Tom, but at sight of Aunt Mary she stayed it.

"Aunt, Tom has set Thomas on to spoil my doll," cried Jessie.

The boys laughed at the funny combination of names, and the little girl's fist went down on Tom's shoulder.

"Children, I'm ashamed of you!" so Aunt Mary spoke her correction, and bade them go their several ways.

"Forgive and forget, Jessie," called Tom up the stairs, "and you may believe I had no hand in the mischief."

"I don't believe, and I won't forget."

Ah, Jessie, Jessie!

A few days, and then another bubble of mischief burst upon them.

"Now, you little, wicked, malice-bearing young woman, what have you to say for yourself?"

So Tom accosted his cousin, one fine morning, meeting her at the hall door as she came in from the common.

That beautiful, wide-stretching common was a joy to the little girl.

She gloried in it all summer-time! how she loved and petted the birds and animals which lived there—shrews, dormice, and even now and then a squirrel or two from a neighboring copse.

They all knew and waited for her, for didn't she scatter crumbs and watch them eat it up?

Ah! one sweet voiced blackbird was her especial pet.

He lived in a holly-bush, and bo-peeped for her every morning, giving her such a glad song of welcome when he saw her coming.

Then, too, she had her friends Mrs. Jay, who lived in a cottage on the other side of the undulating heathery common.

For her she picked firewood, and the old woman averred that the fire which the sticks kindled always reminded her of the little lady at the Rookery, it was so blithesome.

Ah, well! but what of that ugly question Tom was asking her at the hall door?

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked, a something in Tom's face making her own turn pale.

"You've gone and spoilt that prize picture of mine."

"Who says—I—did it?" Poor little faltering tongue

"I saw you did it."

"Well, it serves you right, whoever did it."

Oh, Jessie, Jessie!

"Aunt Mary knows about it."

Tom was in a white heat of anger and sorrow, for had he not been working at this prize picture all his spare moments to take it back, and compete with many of his elders at the juvenile art exhibition at his school?

And now it was all dabbled with ink; and tears came into his eyes as he thought of it, and he cried bitterly.

"I don't care; I didn't do it;" so she defied him, and passed him by, tripping up the stairs like a queen.

Aunt Mary came to her in her bedroom.

"Jessie, what have been doing?" she asked, in her prim, rather hard way.

"Nothing, aunt; I've not been near the picture."

"But Susan saw you coming from Tom's room."

"I didn' go in—I didn't indeed, aun," said the child, looking this way and that. Oh, what a tangle was coming around her, and Mary shook her head.

"Oh, Jessie, Jessie! adding falsehood to sin," said she, severely.

"Oh, aunt! 'tisn't false, 'tis the truth," she pleaded, as she looked up at her aunt.

"But what were you in Tom's room for?" asked the elder lady.

"To peep at the picture—only to peep."

"Stay; what is that on your dress? An ink-stain damp even now."

"I did it in the school-room, aunt," averred the little girl, with blanching lips; and then she burst into a passion of tears.

"You'll not go outside the gates till you confess to doing the mischief, and then I'll consider what shall be your further punishment."

Ah! her aunt did not believe her, and when she went to pour her tale into grandmamma's ear, she found she knew all the story in Aunt Mary's own way of viewing it, and could only stroke the child's hair, and wonder who was right and who was wrong.

Ah me! the days passed heavily within doors, and then the snow came down, the wind rioted everywhere, the common seemed especially troubled—it was one wild tumult of wind and snow.

Alas! the poor little birds! How was little Blackie faring? questioned his small, imprisoned mistress.

Once she was about to steal out at nightfall, when the snow was lifted, with a few bread-crumbs, but Susan stayed her from so transgressing, and she was too proud to ask the good-natured girl to do her kindly errand for her—yes, too proud.

And Mrs. Jay's firewood must be all gone.

Was it a dark dismal dream that she was a prisoner, under this weight of sin and wrong-doing? the little girl asked herself as the cold wintry days came and went so sadly and silently for her.

"Hurrah! hurrah! here's the picture spoiler."

"Cheer up, old woman!" cried Tom, rushing up to where Jessie sat in her favorite nook on the landing, a magpie in his hands.

"I found him in my room, whisking off with my watch-key in his beak, only I caught the old thief."

Jessie heard all like one in a dream.

Aunt Mary was passing in the hall below.

"Aunt Mary, Mr. Barton's magpie spoilt my picture. Come up and see him;" and very soon that lady, with Ned and Will, was hearing how the culprit had been caught.

They kissed her all round for the wrong they had done her, and grandmamma said she had thought her innocent all throughout, which caused the child's tears to flow like a summer shower.

Now she was free to wander on the common, where the snow glittered in the sunshine, and she had permission to ask Robert for some firewood to take to Mrs. Jay; so with this and a few bread-crumbs she set out on her rambles.

Poor little tender heart, how she hearkened for Blackie's trill of welcome as she went along! Alas! she would never hear it again.

Not one little berry was left on the snow-laden holly-bush; and he lay stark and dead on the ground.

Her dear little eyes were open, she fancied he had watched and harkened for her till the last, and then lain down in his hunger and loneliness and died.

How she wept nobody knew but Tom, and He who the Bible tells us sees even one of His little sparrows when it falls to the ground and dies.

The thought of this kind Friend comforted her as she went homeward, the dear little dead mite in her hands.

And do you know what grandmamma said as she heard all and soothed her?

"Mayhap, dearie, all this sorrow and weeping arises from that first unkindly refusal to lend Ned your skates.

"'Tis thus we tangle our lives, even the very best of us, only our heavenly Father in His love checks us, and often turns aside the evil of our wrong-doing for His dear sake who was once a child."

And Tom, who was a generous fellow, to atone for his injustice, had Blackie stuffed at his own expense, and gave it to Jessie as a parting present.

As for the prize picture, that was a failure for that year, but the next year he won the palm by exhibiting another.

And Jessie, helped by the sight of little Blackie, is trying hard for that other palm, for which all the true-hearted and earnest ones are striving.

BOB'S ANGEL.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

BY the way, Bob, my old friend, Anthony Blake, lives down that way. He's got a fine farm, and an only daughter—exceedingly pretty, they say.

"I'll give you a letter to him. He'll give you a hearty welcome, I'm sure; and if you and the daughter should chance to 'hit it,' I don't think either will need to fear any obstacle being thrown in your way by the old folks."

So said Mr. Edward Overskip to his son Robert, as the latter, with the former's blessing, was setting out for a fortnight's rural recreation.

Mr. Overskip sat down at his secretary and wrote:

"DEAR BLAKE—

"Let me introduce my son, Bob. He goes to carry havoc through your meadows, and depopulate your brooks—at least, such is his delusive purpose. Don't be alarmed, though. If he so much as bags a tom-tit, or hooks a trout, it's more than I expect.

"Bob's a chip off the old block; and I've promised him your kind reception—for the old block's sake.

"If he takes a fancy to your handsome daughter—and I bet a crown he does, if she's half as pretty as they say—don't you go to getting down the blunderbuss and warning him off the premises.

"Remember you were twenty-one once yourself. As for Bob, I'll warrant him gentle, kind and true—and specially fitted to work well in double harness.

Your friend,

EDWARD OVERSKIP."

Bob put the letter in his pocket, saw his gun-case, fishing-tackle, and valise safely stowed away in the carriage which was to take him to the country station, and bade his father good-bye, jumped in, and was gone.

After a day's trial of his luck with his gun, and another with his rod, without encouraging results, Bob bethought himself of his father's letter.

The house to which he was directed, on inquiry, was large and of good appearance—evidently the abode of well-to-do people.

"Mr. Blake is not at home," was the answer Bob received to his inquiry from a tall, angular, not very young, and decidedly not handsome lady, who met him at the door.

"When will he return?"

"To-morrow."

"Can I see Miss Blake?"

"I am Miss Blake."

Now, had Miss Blake in any wise resembled his preconceived ideal of her, Bob would have found it easy enough to introduce himself, and might have spent a very pleasant half hour, notwithstanding the paternal Blake's absence.

As it was, he had but one desire, and that was to get as gracefully as he could out of a position he began to feel rather embarrassing.

"I have a letter for Mr. Bake," said the young man.

The lady nodded.

"I presume I can leave it?"

She bowed, and took the letter.

Bob took his leave as gracefully as possible, chuckling, as probably he would not would not have chuckled had he known all that was in the letter.

A few days later Mr. Overskip received two letters—one from his son, and one from Mr. Blake.

Thus ran the former:

"DEAR PA—

"I called at your friend's, and left your letter. He wasn't at home, but his daughter was. She's a fright.

"But now, 'pa, brace yourself. I've fallen dead in love! I'd have written to ask your leave first, but there wasn't time. It came like a flash. On my way back from Blake's, I met an angel!—an angel on a brown filly. The filly must have been of this world, for she shied at a rabbit skipping across the road, and was on the point of plunging down a precipice, to the imminent peril of the angel's neck, when I grasped the rein and checked her.

"I haven't discovered her name yet, but shall never rest till I do.

Your affectionate

Bob."

The other letter enclosed Mr. Overskip's own, and was in these words:—

"SIR,—

"An insolent puppy, no doubt your worthy son—worthy of yourself, at least—left at my house, in my absence yesterday, the vulgar and insulting missive herewith returned.

"The impertinent reference to my daughter is impudent beyond endurance, and shall receive due acknowledgment in the shape of a sound horse-whipping should you ever chance to encounter,

Yours, with no sort of respect,

A. BLAKE."

Mr. Overskip swelled with conflicting emotions. That his old friend, Anthony Blake, should have written such a letter filled him with sorrow as well as rage. But more perplexing still was Bob's confession of having fallen in love with a woman whose very name he didn't know. Mr. Overskip resolved to go at once and have it out with Tony Blake, and at the same time, if possible, bring Bob to his senses.

Some three days after despatching his letter, Bob was seen ostentatiously for snipe, but really hoping to gain another glimpse of the fair equestrian, when, behold! there she was alighting before a spacious dwelling, on the verandah of which—and that was another surprise—stood his respected parent, in animated conversation with a gentleman of about the same age.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you!" vociferated Mr. Overskip, angrily. "I would not have believed you capable of writing such an answer to my letter."

"I told you I got no letter, and sent no answer!" returned the other, warming up in turn.

"Don't equivocate, Tony. You used to be a man of truth. Why, here's my own son's letter, in which he says he left mine at your house with your daughter. By the way, maybe you think her too good for Bob. If so, it's some consolation to know what he thinks of her. He says here she's as ugly as——"

"Hold there, Ned Overskip. There stands my Almira; and whoever says she's ugly, falsifies!"

Just at this juncture Bob and his angel turned up, and calmed the belligerents.

Explanations proved that Bob had left his letter at Squire Blake's house, and not Tony Blake's villa, and then everyone laughed at the comical position of affairs.

Bob and his angel are now Mr. and Mrs. Robert Overskip, and seem to live in an ideal paradise, so supremely happy are they.

THE LONELY BOOK.—Do we ever fairly consider the loneliness of that lonely people's Book? Think how it stands out alone. What fellow, what companion had it? What have we had that was coeval with those Hebrew Scriptures? What was there by which they could be confirmed? Go back to the beginning of the century and ask yourself what had then survived of its contemporary literature with which it could be compared.

Egypt had left nothing—only a few lines of one historian rescued by the Christian historian, Eusebius. Babylon and Nineveh had saved nothing—not a line—except similar fragments of the one historian preserved by Josephus or Eusebius.

Persia? Persia only began to be as the Jewish history was ending. Greece? Rome? There was no Greece nor Rome when the splendid Jewish prophets were proclaiming the one Jehovah.

Here, then, appears this one Book full of wondrous history, on whose marvelous revelation our own fuller Christian faith is built, and we were asked, "What evidence have you of its truth? What is there to confirm it?"

We were told that its history was false, that it was a late product full of errors, that Xenophon and Arrian told different stories, which were truer than our Bible. What could we do?

We could bring no confirmatory proof, for there was none. There was no evidence existing. It was all buried in the grave of the forgotten past.

But, behold a wonder! The earth opens its mouth. Our own generation has seen uncovered the monuments of Egypt, Palestine and Assyria, which abundantly prove the truth of the Jewish history.

No longer a lonely record, the Old Testament is supported by the exhumed records of the kings of Egypt and Babylon, and Nineveh and Moab.

We are now shown in the Boulaq Museum the very body of the Egyptian king who oppressed Israel.

We know the names of the father and grandfather of Arioch, King of Ellasar, who fought in the confederacy against the King of Sodom.

At a hundred points confirmatory evidence has been dug out of Assyrian ruins. In the day when the lonely Book was attacked by unbelief, there appeared out of the very ground hosts of defenders. God's providence supports His Book.

ARABIAN WOMEN.—The women of Arabia mature at eleven and twelve, and are old at 35. When young they are beautiful. They have soft, dark skin, black, flowing hair and soft, languishing eyes. They are passionate in their loves, but after marriage all their affection is centred in their husbands. If a woman is found to be untrue to her husband she is instantly killed, together with her lover. But this seldom happens.

In some parts of Russia it is believed that if the bride tastes the cake on the eve of the wedding her husband will not love her. A somewhat similar superstition exists in this country. Here it sometimes happens that if the groom tastes the cake at the wedding, and is informed that it was made by the bride, his love immediately begins to wane.

ALL those who cough are a curse to the community, and should be forced by law to invest 25 cents in Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

THE DOOR AJAR.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

Ten thousands of bells are ringing
Out on the soft evening air,
Thousand of voices are singing
Out in the bright world so fair.
Ringing in joy and in gladness,
Singing in sorrow and woe,
Countless the echoes of sadness,
Countless the teardrops that flow.

Numberless birds that are flying
Away to a fairer clime,
Beautiful flowers a dying,
Endless the myrtle and thyme.
With glory the golden sunset
Is gilding the globe half o'er,
And thousand of faces tear-wet,
Are silent forever more.

But him in yon cabin lonely,
Heareth the toll of one bell,
And one voice in moaning only,
A share in his grief can tell.
As over the babe she lingers,
Whose spirit has left its shine;
The mother with trembling fingers
Is spreading myrtle and thyme.

A gleam from the golden sunset
Comes in thro' the door ajar,
And fragrance of flowers a-dying,
Floats from the meadows afar.
And just where that ivy creepeth,
An open grave yaweth there,
Where must lie the babe that sleepeth,
And moulder the hopes so fair.

What? tho' the great world were filling,
The air with its woe or bliss?
What tho' all nature were thrilling
And throbbing? Ah, what were this?
You man, whose cabin embraces
His world, whence the light is fled
Knows naught, but the vacant places,
Sees naught but the pallid dead.

COLORS IN NATURE.

ANYONE attending a zoological garden or noticing any large collection of animals is at once struck by the variety of colors, both of the plumage and hide or skin. Some animals are highly colored; others have hues sombre and dark.

What is the reason of this? Why are animals colored differently? What is the use of any coloring?

These questions can only be answered by a consideration of the habits of the various animals, the means provided for their obtaining food, and the weapons they have for defense.

The coloring of animals is, to a large extent, protective. It enables animals to hide from their enemies who would otherwise extinguish their species; and in other instances, where they have means of defense that warn other animals to keep away, they are highly colored, so that other animals are warned to give them a wide berth.

For instance—rats, mice, bats and moles, which seek for food at night, are dark, of dusky hues, while in the light of day they conceal themselves in their holes. Yet the polecat, which is a nocturnal animal, has much white about it, and a large white tail, which it carries erect; but the horrible odor it emits makes it universally dreaded, and its conspicuous white tail is a signal flag to all carnivorous animals not to attack it; and they seldom do.

All the bears in the world are either black or brown, except the polar bear, which is white. So are most of the animals of the polar regions white—that is, about the same color as the snow and ice they inhabit, which similarity of coloring is a means of protection from their enemies, inasmuch as they are not so readily seen.

Perhaps the musk ox, or the musk sheep, which is of a dark brown color, would seem an exception, but the habits of the animal explain this. They are gregarious, live in flocks, and this is their means of protection; hence, if one strays from the flock, it is necessary that they be of a dark color, so that he can see his comrades at a distance.

The raven is black, yet inhabits the regions of snow and ice; but he feeds on carrion, and has no enemies that think his body fit food.

Armed insects are highly colored—such as wasps and bees. Their very high coloring shows what they are, and their poison protects them.

Some insects have so very hard a covering that they are practicably uneatable; these are frequently highly colored. Others can fly rapidly, and this is a protection, so they are given a gaudy coloring, like the swift-flying rose chafer.

Butterflies are gayly colored, but they are unfit for eating; even when given to young turkeys, they spit them out. Insects are often found on trees and leaves which are the exact color of the food they seek. This is a protection.

The voice of the tree-toad is heard before the rain, yet so exactly is he the color of the limbs on which he lies, that it is hard to find him.

Green caterpillars feed on green leaves, and their food serves to hide them from their enemies. Certain insects called loopers can stick themselves out rigidly like sticks, which they so much resemble as to be taken for them.

Green and brown caterpillars are greedily eaten by birds, and even by frogs, lizards and spiders; hence, they generally feed at night, and during the day remain motionless upon leaves or twigs the color of themselves.

Bright-colored caterpillars are discarded by birds, and always refused by frogs, lizards, and spiders, as if they tasted bad to them.

Parrots that live in the dense foliage or green trees are invariably green, and the birds of high-colored plumage are tropical, where the colors of the flowers and shrubs are brilliant.

Birds that abound in the region of deciduous trees are never green, but brown or olive is the prevailing color. This tint is least perceptible among the leafless trees and bushes which prevail for the greater portion of the year, when protection is so much needed.

There is a butterfly called orange-tipped: when on the wing he is most conspicuous, but when in the evening he rests on the wood parsley, he can scarcely be seen, so beautifully do his colors blend with those of the flower head of the plant. So that, on the whole, the gorgeous colors or the sombre shades with which various animals are adorned, while beautiful, have a use to the animal that is not mere display, but protection as well.

Grains of Gold.

Politeness is a wreath of flowers that adorns the world.

We consider the man undone who is insensible to shame.

Our true acquisitions lie only in our charities; we gain as we give.

The generous heart should scorn a pleasure which gives another pain.

There is no beggar so destitute as he who can afford nothing to his neighbor.

If there be a crime of deeper dye than all the guilty train of human vices, 'tis ingratitude.

Try to be happy in this very present moment; and put not off being so to a time to come.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity.

How noiselessly the snow comes down. You may see it, but never hear it. It is true charity.

Often the world discovers a man's moral worth only when its injustice has nearly destroyed him.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less: do not borrow, for vanity will surely end in shame

Nobody is perfect; but forbearance and love do much to soften the irritable, hard edges of existence.

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object can accomplish something.

Nature loves truth so well that it rarely admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty.

The repentance that is delayed till old age, is but too often a regret for the inability of committing more sins.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

They who do speak ill of themselves, do so mostly in the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

Often what a man takes for the dictate of conscience is nothing more than a whiff of impulse—a caprice, a crotchet.

Innocent fun is as good as any. The best medicine is not always bitter, nor is a thing wicked solely because it is agreeable.

When doing what is right, the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when practicing deceit, the mind labors, and every day seems to get worse.

All uplifting must come to man through his own effort. It is in him to prove himself the master of elementary life, and to ascend by this knowledge.

The advice of our friends must be attended to with a judicious reserve: we must not give ourselves up to it and blindly follow their determination, right or wrong.

Sincerity is an opening of the heart. We find it in very few people; and that which we generally see is nothing but a subtle dissimulation to attract the confidence of others.

The head truly enlightened will presently have a wonderful influence in purifying the heart, and the heart really affected with goodness will conduce to the directing of the head.

Femininities.

The latest is an electric girl. She shocks everybody.

Many men have many minds, but one woman frequently has more than all of them.

Does a bonnet sing because it is covered over with birds? No; but the husband that pays for it whistles.

A New York plumber has married a milliner. Everything tends to consolidation and monopoly these days.

A bottle of patent medicine cured the infatuation of a youth for a Camden girl. She hit him over the head with it.

It takes a Brooklyn girl to look ahead. She married at 15 so as to have her golden wedding when it would do her some good.

As two ladies were gazing at a large black bear, one remarked: "Oh, what a nice buffalo robe his skin would make!"

Miss Alcott says "she has fallen in love with a great may pretty girls in her life, and never once the least bit with a man."

Ten hours is considered a full day's work, and yet some young men act as if a girl could be courted 16 hours without being tired.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand, so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside rest-pocket, so that his wife won't see it.

The Empress of Austria writes poetry and prints it herself thus making a short cut to fame, and giving the newspaper waste-basket a wide berth.

Somebody says that there are only 32 days of the year on which it is unlucky to marry, but various married men say these are far from true figures.

Some one interrogated little Georgie in regard to his sister's betrothed. "How old is he?" "I don't know." "Well, is he young?" "Yes—he has no hair yet."

Chicago has a petrified baby. It was petrified with astonishment at seeing its father and mother get through one day without quarreling or threatening divorce.

If the truth were known, the frequent runaways which occur when young couples are out sleigh-riding are brought about by the attempt to drive with one hand.

Apropos of leap year, it has been suggested that young ladies who are anxious to marry, should bear in mind that sealed proposals can be sent by mail for two cents.

A man's brain weighs three and a half pounds. A woman's is somewhat lighter, but of finer quality. That is what enables her to taste lard in her neighbor's pastry.

Mrs. Louisa H. Albert, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has entered into partnership with her husband in the practice of law. The sign reads: "Albert & Albert, Attorneys-at-Law."

A scientific writer says that kissing is delightful because the jaws are so full of nerves. After a man gets married he sort o' wishes nature hadn't put so many nerves into the jaw.

Every married man ought to get his life insured. In case of death, fighting the insurance company for the money would occupy the widow's mind and keep her from brooding over the misfortune.

"Heard about Miss Spligge?" "No; the one that's such a talker?" "Yes; she's got a place in a bank, at a big salary." "You don't say! What's she going to do in the bank?" "O, they've made her teller."

The deep bass of the organ ceased suddenly in a church in Lewiston, Maine, when a lady's voice was heard by the whole congregation distinctly to declare, "I don't care one bit; I do want a piano."

"So Miss Skimps and Mr. Limps are to get married. Well, I declare! That aged couple! And she is old enough to be his mother." "Indeed she is. And as for him—why, he's old enough to be her father."

"Aunt Jane," said an exasperated wife, "I wish it was a custom for women to trade husbands, as it is for men to trade horses." "Why, my dear?" "Because, if it was, I'd cheat some woman dreadfully before sundown."

A burglar, who has been interviewed, declares that of those whom an "operator" is liable to meet while working in a dwelling-house, the most dreaded is a woman, whom neither terror nor habit will permit to keep still.

A Woodsville, N. H., man, who was sentenced to 20 years in the State Prison in 1860, for killing his wife, was released two years ago and married and settled near Littleton. Now he has run away to escape arrest on the charge of trying to kill this wife.

One reason a Detroit wife desires a divorce is because her husband lied to her. Before they were married he told her he owned a one-horse wagon and had three hundred dollars. After marriage he could only produce the wagon, and one wheel gone at that.

It is said that mice are just as much afraid of women as women are of mice. But as the screaming apparatus of the latter is not constructed on the same principle as that of the former, they are restrained from communicating the intelligence to the people in the adjoining towns.

Lavender oil and turpentine, both of which are used in painting on China, are, according to a physician who visited the Pittsburg Homœopathic Hospital Fair, very injurious to the health. "The fumes of these liquids in a close room," he said, "amount to a poison that very few girls can withstand."

The value of advertising has often been pointed out. A conspicuous instance occurred the other day. A young lady employed in one of the largest dry-goods establishments in Detroit, lost a bracelet. She advertised for it in several papers, and on returning to the store in the morning, found the bracelet—under the counter.

News Notes.

There are 193,000 physicians in this country.

Twelve million clocks were manufactured last year.

Georgia pine is now being shipped to South America.

The American grain-elevator system is to be introduced in Russia.

It costs $3,000,000 a year to support the churches in New York City.

A Chicago physician asserts that there are 45,000 habitual drunkards in that city.

Only seven members were taken into Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, last year.

Canada has the largest national debt of any country in proportion to her people.

Hamilton Disston, the saw manufacturer of this city, has $400,000 insurance on his life.

Counterfeit standard dollars seem to be making their way steadily through the South.

Insurance publications state that the losses by fire in the United States aggregate over $103,000,000.

The Illinois Supreme Court has decided that contracts made on Sunday are valid and binding.

A man in Violinia, Mich., pays $3.00 tax this year—60 cents on his house and lot, and $2 on his dog.

Guiteau's skeleton, which is in the Army Medical Museum, is polished and bleached like ivory.

"Coasting" accidents have been painfully numerous in a score of cities and towns recently.

If you want to be in the height of fashion get a pet owl. A live owl is even more stylish than a dead one.

There are about 66,000 locomotive engines in the world, and 125,000 passenger and 600,000 freight cars.

Deer in Florida are being slaughtered so rapidly that it is believed they will become extinct in a few years.

A 12-year old boy of Franklin, this State, burst a blood-vessel while blowing a tin-horn, and died in a few hours.

Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, is the only member of the United States Senate who has never been married.

The Chinese in San Francisco have permitted the only paper published in Chinese there to suspend publication.

It costs $13,000 a year to maintain a staff of scrub-women, seventy-five strong, in the United States Treasury Building.

Fifteen millions of horses are owned in America, and more than a million must be bred annually to keep up the supply.

In England the average of life exceeds that of France by eleven years, though the French climate is considered superior.

At Pittsfield, Mass., recently, a man with a child under one arm, and a pig under the other, joined in a funeral procession.

Prisoners at Joliet, Ill., organized a series of concerts to cover the noise one of their number made sawing off an iron bar to secure liberty.

The discovery has been made in San Francisco that some of the Chinamen there are owned, and have been bought and sold as slaves.

The Public School Superintendent of Rochester, N. Y., warmly commends the practice of forming "Bands of Mercy" among the school pupils.

Oyster plates are entirely out of date. The bivalve is now served upon the shell and imbedded in snow, ice and celery, with a piece of lemon in the mass.

Gilbert Long, who was prevented from jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge into East River, on Decoration Day, will try it again the 22d of February.

Some of the Egyptian toys preserved in the British Museum, with which, over 4,000 years ago the youth of the Nile country played, are in imitation of fish.

In Montreal, bill-posters and managers are obliged to submit all bills, posters and placards for the chief of police's approval before they are posted or circulated.

A young child was taken to church in Quebec, Canada, and baptized; and when the parents arrived at their house the child was found dead in its wraps.

It is estimated that there are now in the United States 15,000,000 milch cows, and that there are made annually 1,200,000,000 pounds of butter, and 450,000 pounds of cheese.

Lovely woman is developing a more masculine character in England. Two have been charged with burglary, while the girl graduates of Girton College have formed a fire brigade.

The wearing of mackintoshes is said to be a fruitful cause of colds. The mackintosh prevents exterior wetting, but the clothing under it becomes saturated with moisture from the body.

Quite a number of toothless individuals in Iowa are out a-mining for a traveling dentist who pulled out their teeth free, and collecting half the price of new sets, which he has forgotten to bring around.

A north of England coroner has announced that out of 233 inquests in one year in a manufacturing town, 62 were on children under a year, who died through the absence of their mothers at work.

Among the gifts received at a pound party held for the benefit of the Home for the Aged, in Concord, N. H., was a pound of silver dimes. One half-dime had to be added to make exact weight, and the amount was $15.25.

The Quarrel.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

"WELL," said Katie, "all I know, Sam Western, is this. I shan't speak to you again until you tell me you are sorry. You ought to apologize, and you would if you cared about me; and I shan't marry anyone that don't care about me. I'll tell you that."

Then she waited for a moment, but Western said nothing; and she added, "Good-night," and went into the house, closing the door after her.

Sam was really in the wrong, and she had shown no angry temper.

If he loved her he surely would apologize soon; and "a woman should not lower her dignity," she said, as she went to bed in her little upstairs room; but for all that her pillow was wet with tears before she slumbered.

Sam meanwhile walked away.

He had been engaged to Katie Spinner three months, and he did love her dearly; but his blood was up just then.

He would have broken with her on the spot sooner than apologize.

"She'll come round," he said. "If I'm ever to be master, I must begin now."

It does not matter what they had quarrelled about.

Quarrels are mere nonsense to all but the active parties generally, but all the world, gentle and simple, poetical and prosaic, young or old, must know how true it is that—

"To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness on the brain."

Two very wretched young people saw the sun rise next morning, and decided that everything was vanity.

Sam Western was nobody in particular to the world in general, and Katie Spinner was even less, but "Ah, the difference" to them now that each seemed blotted out of the other's life.

"For I will never, never forgive him, unless he does what is right," said Katie, binding up her hair.

"And I will never treat a woman as though she were a goddess," said Sam, struggling with his stubborn boots. "Not I."

Then he waited for word or message from Katie, who, he felt sure would give in at last, but who never dream of it.

Men are obstinate as long as obstinacy makes them comfortable and content with themselves, but women are obstinate when it makes them miserable.

The world does not know yet how much more "right" there is in woman than in man.

No; Katie, paling and pining, aching heart and head alike, never dreamt of yielding; but after three days of complacent crossness, it began to strike Sam that it made him uncomfortable to be cross; that it had been pleasant to go to see Katie.

That it was nice to think of having a dear little wife to care about him always and share his joys and sorrows; and that he could not easily forget Katie for anyone else, even a prettier girl.

And then he walked alone by the river bank, and thought how they had been together there so often; and how warm and soft her little hand lay in his—and suddenly found two tears in his eyes, and said—

"Hang it, I've been a fool!" and went home and wrote this little note to her—

"KATIE DEAR,—I was wrong. We've both been wrong to let ill-feelings come between us. Forgive me dearest, and send me word that you have done so. I shall await your letter with impatience.

"SAM."

Then Sam sent the note to Mrs. Spinner's house by his landlord's little boy, telling him to be sure to give it himself to Miss Katie.

By this time the falling out was five days old, and Katie was simply wretched.

But in the Spinner household work went on in its regular order, whether hearts ached or not.

But a sad refrain sounded in Katie's ears—monotonous, unchangeable—"Sam and I have parted."

The clock ticked it.

The wind, among the vine-leaves outside the window, whispered it; and, oh, her heart, at every beat, measured it off.

"Sam and I have parted. Sam and I have parted."

But she never thought of giving in or writing, at least, in effect—"Come back to me."

She only wondered vaguely whether anything would ever be worth doing again.

Meanwhile, the young ambassador from Sam was clattering up the village street with the note in his hand which was intended to make all smooth again.

He saw through a door, a figure he knew to be Katie's.

"Here's a letter," said he. "Here's a letter."

Nobody heard him.

Katie was listening eternally to that sad reiteration of her heart, "Sam and I have parted."

The boy thought he was heard, however, and eager for his play, laid the white missive across the top of a jar and bolted.

As he vanished, down toppled the little note into the great jar.

And so Sam waited in vain for an answer and grew angry again.

And so in the days to come the two met and passed without a word, and the gossips had their talk, and as often happens, love saddened the lives of those it once had gladdened.

Summer passed; autumn was gone; winter was nearly over; and Mrs. Templetower came to take tea with the Spinners.

They sat down at the table, Mrs. Templetower's tongue going hard.

"Sam Western has got a fever," said she. "He's very bad, they say—might go off any day. It's a pity; he's a young man yet; but it ain't so bad as if he was married, you know."

"It's to be hoped he'll get better," said Mrs. Spinner.

And her mother's eye saw Katie flush. "Why don't you help the jam, Katie?" she said sharply, to call the girl to herself. "The jar is before you."

Katie took a little plate in her hand and dipped the spoon in the jar, or tried to.

It did not go in easily.

She tried again.

Something flat and stiff leaped off the top of the fruit upon the cloth.

"Goodness!" cried Mrs. Spinner. "Why Katie, there's a bit of wood, or something."

"It's a letter, mother," said Katie.

And she took it by the corner and carried it into the kitchen—stiff and red.

Why, she did not know, but it made her shiver to look at it.

She wiped it on a towel, and made out her name upon it, and a presentiment of the truth dawned upon her.

She tore the envelope away.

Within the paper was stained and spoilt, but love's eyes are sharp.

She read part of the letter, and guessed the rest.

The date was intact.

How it came in the preserve jar she did not know.

And he had been faithful.

He had asked her forgiveness, and had thought her forgiving.

"Ah! he ought to have known that a woman never is that to a man she has once loved," she said. "And now he lies dying, perhaps, and I am not with him. Oh, my darling, my darling."

She stood at the open door, and looked up at the sky with tear-filled eyes.

A white new moon floated through the fading blue, and below it a star hung like a jewel.

"I will go to him," she said. "Yes, I will go to him, let people say what they may."

Then she crept softly upstairs, donned hat and shawl, and hurried away along the scattered street and down into the lane, where stood the cottage where Sam lay.

"I must see him," she said to the woman who whispered to her that he was very ill, and who knew they had been lovers once. "The nearer death he is, the more needful we should see each other."

And she said to herself, "It will give him joy to see me, and joy never kills."

Then in a moment she stood beside him, and he looked up at her with his hollow eyes and knew her.

"Katie," he said.

"I never found it until to-day," she stammered. "If I had read it, do you think——"

Heaven knows how he made the whole story of that, but he did.

Words failed her, but love did not.

"I might have known," he said, and rested his weary head upon her arm.

Afterwards, when he was well and they were married, they made that careless Tom confess.

Before that it seemed to Katie like a miracle, or a deed of the good fairies, and she was almost sorry to have so unromantic a solution.

"But if I had never found it Sam?" she asks, and then the tears come into her eyes and Sam kisses them away.

CHEAP SHELTER.—One of the best cheap devices for keeping stock warm in winter is to put up a frame, cover it with poles from the woods, and build a straw stack over it, leaving an opening on the side opposite the direction of the prevailing winds. With plenty of straw a shed of this character, as warm as a basement barn and much cheaper, can be made by any farmer. It does not even require a hammer and nails, though with these and a few boards the work can be made more attractive in appearance.

SCRAP BOOK.—Farmers, as much as any class of men in the world, ought to keep scrap books, and fill them with agricultural matter clipped from papers and magazines. Such books are always handy and valuable for purposes of reference. They are indispensable to men who desire to keep informed in regard to any profession, science, or enterprise, or to know the tone of public opinion as to the current topics of thought.

Two deaths from over-eating were inquired into by London coroners in one day recently. The stoppage of the heart's action by distension of the stomach was decided to be the technical cause.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., Jan. 14, 1880.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I never should die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much indeed. I am now well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me, and they used them and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

MRS. JULIA G. CUSHING.

Humorous.

A tight fit—Intoxication.

Dead men's tales—Wills.

A "dead-set"—Artificial teeth.

A question of time—The erection of public clocks.

When is a baby not a baby? When it's a little cross.

When is a nose not a nose? When it's a little reddish.

"Tried and true," is Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, a cure for all forms of Heart Disease. Price, $1.

A hitch in the proceedings—Stopping to tie your horse.

When is a lady's neck not a neck? When it's a little bear.

THIRTY-SIXTH
ANNUAL REPORT
—OF THE—
PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
—OF—
PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets, January 1st, 1883..... $7,894,729 42

RECEIPTS.

For Premiums	$1,507,870 03	
For Interest, Rents, etc.	463,507 30	$1,971,403 33
		$9,866,202 01

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by death	$ 607,612 71	
Matured endowments	67,000 00	
Re-Insurance	1,206 61	
Surrendered policies	111,720 05	
Surplus to members	315,917 41	
Total paid policy-holders	1,099,455 83	
Taxes and legal expenses	44,967 43	
Salaries, medical fees, and office expenses	82,285 20	
Commissions to agts, rents, etc	123,703 05	
Agency and other expenses	79,302 42	
Adv'tsg, printing, supplies	15,617 44	
Fire ins., office furniture, etc	14,100 10	1,459,822 32
Net Assets, January 1st, 1884,		$8,406,379 69

ASSETS.

City loans, R. R. and water bonds, bank and other stocks	$4,128,125 65	
Mortgages and ground rents, first liens	1,988,995 79	
Premium notes, secured by policies, etc	651,297 15	
Loans on collaterals, etc	611,306 38	
Home office and real estate bought to secure loans	831,207 95	
Cash in Trust Companies and on hand	149,443 64	
Net ledger assets, as above	8,406,379 69	
Net deferred and unreported premiums	147,223 80	
Interest due and accrued, etc	46,570 95	
Market value of stock, bonds, etc., over cost	426,621 35	
Gross Assets, January 1st,		$9,011,395 59

LIABILITIES.

Death claims reported, but not due	$ 120,804 07	
Reserve at 4 per cent. to re-insure risks	7,623,696 60	
Surplus on life rate endowments and unreported policies, etc	150,000 00	
Surplus, 4 per cent. basis	1,387,702 05	9,011,803 52
Surplus at 4½ per cent. Penna standard, estimated		$1,790,868 05
Number of policies in force		35,453
Amount insured thereby		$61,321,675 00

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EDWARD M. NEEDLES, HORATIO S. STEPHENS, } Vice Presidents.
HENRY C. BROWN, Sec. J. J. BARKER, Actuary.

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Each Watch is finely made, silver plated, and the greatest novelty ever offered to the boys and girls of America. It is a
COMPLETE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT,
size and shape of a watch, with Music Box attachment concealed within, so arranged that when wound it the stem plays one of the following tunes; "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Swanee River," "Carnival of Venice," "Grandfather's Clock," and a Waltz. The notes, time, and tones are correct. It instructs and entertains both old and young. On receipt of 36 cts. will send it by mail, post-paid. Just think of it. Name
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Sent for 36 cents. You will be delighted with it. Address
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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Rip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.
For the cure of
SKIN DISEASES,
ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.
Liver Complaints, Etc.,
Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for
Kidney and Bladder Complaints
Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.
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RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
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For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

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Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.
Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.
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☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.
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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
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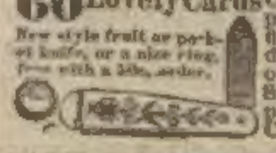
New style fruit or pocket knife, or a nice ring, free with a 50c. order.

$1000 Every 100 Days Positively sure to Agents everywhere selling our New SILVER GOLD WHITE WIRE CLOTHES-LINE. Warranted. Pleases at sight. Cheap. Sells readily at every house. Agents clearing $10 per day. Farmers make $500 to $1,000 during Winter. Handsome samples free. Address, GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

BELLES OF EARLY AGES.

UNDOUBTEDLY there is much idle talk about the extravagance of ladies of the present day, their pursuit of constantly changing styles, and the luxuries demanded by those who can, or think they can, afford the expense.

One would be led to suppose, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, that these were things of modern growth.

But just look at the style they used to put on in early ages, and their enormous extravagance.

We are told that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened.

And in those times Court maidens powdered their hair with gold.

Marc Antony's daughter did not change her dresses half a dozen times a day, but she nevertheless made the lampreys in her fish-pond wear earrings.

The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at $2000,000.

This did not include her jewels.

She wore at one supper $300,000 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizen's supper. The luxury of Poppæa, beloved of Nero, was equal to that of Lollia.

The women of the Roman empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and excesses and these were revived under Napoleon I. in France.

Madame Tallien bathed herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with a sponge which had been dipped in milk and perfumes.

Ovid says that in his day the girls were taught to smile gracefully.

The beauties of ancient times were just as vain as modern belles, and spent the greater part of the day at their toilet. The use of cosmetics was universal among them.

Aspasia and Cleopatra, models of female beauty, it is said, both used an abundance of paint, and each wrote a treatise on cosmetics.

Cleopatra used bear's grease to keep her hair from falling out.

Roman ladies were so careful of their complexions that to protect them they wore masks.

The Athenian women of antiquity were very studious of their attitudes, and thought a hurried step a certain sign of rusticity.

We have certain styles of beauty now-a-days; so had the Greeks.

They went into raptures over the "ideal chin"—neither sharp nor blunt, but gently undulating in its outline, and losing itself gradually and almost insensibly in the fulness of the neck.

The union of the eyebrows was esteemed by the Romans as a beauty;

They admired the air of dignity it gives to the face.

An Albanian belle of the day presents a rather striking appearance. She is as a rule, gaily coifed with seed pearls and coins, and enveloped in a dark serge pelisse. She uses paint on her face profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks and jet black eyebrows strongly drawn.

An Albanian bride discards paint for a while, and, if wealthy, wears a costume something like this: Rose-colored under-robes, with an over-robe of dark-green velvet, the idea being taken from a rosebud half folded in its leaves. Thus arrayed, the girl of handsome features is said to look bewitching.

The women of Spiti, in India, wear trousers and tunics of woollen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to their knees, and which they are fond of taking off at any time.

In order to get greater warmth, they often put a quantity of flour into these boots beside their legs.

Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all sorts of rings.

A typical woman in the interior of Africa is thus described: "Her skin was leathery, coarse and wrinkled, her figure was tottering and knock-kneed; her thin hair hung in greasy locks; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and goodness knows what lumber more."

THERE are lots of good people in this world who think gambling an unpardonable sin, and who would never, never, never take a hand in a quiet game of euchre or bet a cookie on a game of checkers, but who see nothing inconsistent in going into an insurance office and betting the insurance company $50 against $5000 that they will not die nor their house burn down within a year.

Facetiæ.

The dentist's little game—Draw.

Military tools—"Files" of soldiers.

Quick at figures—The dancing-master.

An icy pavement is a sure sign of an early fall.

Cupid is the greatest slay-belle in the world.

What best describes and most impedes a pilgrim? Bunyan.

When is butter like Irish children? When it is made into little pats.

Why are fond mothers like novelists? Because they indulge infancy.

You never cease to praise Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator if you ever use it in Heart Disease. Druggists.

"You make my blood boil," as the live lobster cried out in the saucepan.

"Will you have a small piece of the light meat or a small piece of the dark?" asked Bob's uncle, as he carved the turkey at dinner. "I'll have a large piece of both," said Bob.

AN Electric Lighter for $5 is being extensively sold by the Eastern Electric M'f'g Co., of Boston, Mass.

Honey Bees.

We call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. Cotton, in this column, under head of "Honey Bees." Mrs. Cotton's new system of bee-keeping has proved a great success.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 196 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box: twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

For 1884 is an Elegant Book of 150 Pages, 3 Colored Plates of FLOWERS and Vegetables, and more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and VEGETABLES, and Directions for Growing. It is handsome enough for the Center Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Postoffice address, with 10 cents, and we will send you a copy, post-paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cents. VICK'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD. The FLORAL GUIDE will tell how to get and grow them.

VICK'S Illustrated Monthly Magazine, 32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5. Specimen numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies 25 cts.

Address,

JAMES VICK,
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THE NEW SYSTEM OF BEE-KEEPING.

Every one who has a Farm or Garden can keep Bees on my plan, with good profit. I have invented a Hive and new system of Bee-management, which completely changes the whole process of Bee-keeping, and renders the business pleasant and profitable. I have received One Hundred Dollars Profit, from the sale of Box Honey from One Hive of Bees in one year. Illustrated circular of Full Particulars Free. Address MRS. LIZZIE E. COTTON, West Gorham, Mass.

Gold Watch Free.

The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following liberal Offer for the New Year: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch, worth $50; If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive an elegant Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch; the third, a key-winding English Watch. Each person must send 15 cts. with their answer, for which they will receive three months' subscription to the Home Guest, a 50 page Illustrated New Year Book, a Case of 25 articles that the ladies will appreciate, and paper containing names of winners. Address

Pubs. of HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

DEAFNESS CURED!

RAPIDLY and COMPLETELY. Hearing perfectly restored. New methods: RAREFACTION, ELECTRO-MEDICATION, Simple, Painless. Full details from Medical Director of THE AURAL CLINIC, 237 6th AVE., NEW YORK.

40 Satin Finish, Extra size, Golden Hearts, Friendship Sorts, Script Motto & Bird Cards, with name, 10c. 11 pks. & this heavy rolled gold seal ring for $1. Agt's complete Album 25c. Please remember this is not the cheap pack and ring so much advertised. ALLING BROS., Northford, Ct.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. & you'll get by mail A GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY, in One Month, than anything else in America. Absolute certainty. Need no capital. H. Young, 176 Greenwich St. N. York.

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Warranted 5 years, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. The Best, most Efficient, and Durable Washer in the world. Has no rival, the only machine that will wash perfectly clean without rubbing. Can be used in any sized tub, or shifted from one tub to another in a moment. So simple and easy to operate the most delicate lady or child can do the work. Made of Galvanized Iron, and the only Washer in the world that has the Rubber Bands on the Rollers, which prevent the breaking of buttons and injury to clothes. AGENTS WANTED Exclusive territory. Retail price, $8.00. Agents' sample, $3.50. Also the celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at Manufacturers' lowest price. Circulars free. We refer to editor of this paper. Address ERIE WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

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ONE HUNDRED

Of the Most Popular Songs, -Music and Words,- FOR

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SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

The Last Rose of Summer.
A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Te'l de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

DIME MUSIC CO.,
Address 726 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

An Honest Offer

If you are not enjoying good health we will, on certain conditions, send you ON TRIAL our Electric Medicated Appliances to suit your case, and if they fail to cure or greatly benefit you within a month we make no charge. Prices very low. They are the marvel of the age. 75,000 Cures made during 1883. Illustrated book giving full particulars and blank for statement of your case sent free.

Address at once

ELECTRIC PAD M'F'G CO.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

50 New Style Chromo Cards with name and a Fancy Box of Water Color Paints 18 colors, 2 China Plates, Brush, &c., all post-paid for 14 cts. 4 packs and 4 boxes, 50 cts. Sample Book, 25 cts. CAPITOL CARD CO., Hartford, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED

Electric Lighter.

PRICE, $5.

A scientific and economical apparatus for lighting, for Home, for Business, Office, Mining and Manufacturing purposes. Complete in Itself. The Electric Current being produced by Chemical action. This apparatus, by our adjustments, for which we make extra charges, can be adapted to use as a Burglar Alarm, Medical Battery, Call Bell, or for Electric Gas Lighting. Our burglar alarm is so constructed that the intruder is immediately confronted with a light and bell alarm at the same instant. Reliable agents wanted all over the country.

Eastern Electric M'f'g Co.,
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Orders for all kinds of Electric Instruments, Batteries, and other supplies, respectfully solicited.

SOMETHING NEW!

Warm as toast. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Flexible Rubber Mittens, just what you want for fall and winter use. No more cold, wet hands. These Mittens are made from Para Para Rubber, so treated in manufacture as to be perfectly flexible and never crack; made in handsome black color to imitate black kid with heavy, warm fleece lining. These Mittens are not stiff or cumbersome like most rubber mittens, but are as soft as kid, which they resemble so closely when on the street they would be mistaken for genuine. We send a sample pair of either ladies' or gents' post-paid for 35c. 3 pairs, $1.00. Full terms with every pair. Agents wanted.

BABCOCK & CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN.

Agents Wanted to take orders for our ELEGANT PORTRAITS made from small pictures of all kinds. Send for terms. S. C. TALLMAN & CO., Auburn, N. Y.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for two new fast-selling articles. Samples free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

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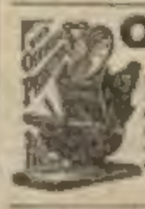
Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

New York 'Singer' Model Sewing Machine only $15

A Cutter, Ruffler, Tucker, Five Hemmers, Binder, Thread Cutter, Needles, Oil and full outfit with each. Guaranteed to be perfect. Warranted 5 years. Don't pay double for machines no better, when you can try these before you pay a cent. All late improvements. Runs light with little noise. Handsome and durable. Circulars with hundreds of testimonials free. GEO. PAYNE & CO, 47 Third Ave., Chicago, Ill.



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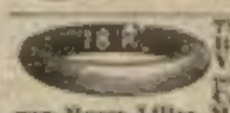

The elegant solid plain ring, made of Heavy 18 K. Rolled Gold, packed in Velvet Casket, warranted 5 years, post-paid, 45c., 3 for $1.25. GEM Cards, "Beauties," all Gold, Silver, Roses, Lilies, Mottoes, &c., with name on, 10c., 11 packs $1.00 bill, and the Gold Ring Free. U. S. CARD CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN.

EMPLOYMENT AT HOME or to Travel. State which preferred; also amount wanted per month for services and expenses. Business honorable, permanent, and easily operated. Write us. BLOAN & CO., 308 George Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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CRAZY PATCHWORK Send to the Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct. for a dollar package of their beautiful silks for patchwork.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum Ct.

25 Rich Transparent Cards, name on, 5 Lady beauties all 10c. 6 lots 50c. Lock Box B, Higganum, Ct.

50 PER CENT SAVED on Patent Medicines. Send for prices to W. T. Totten, 427 N. 10th, Phila., Pa.

50 New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Prize with 3 pks. Potter & Co, Montowese, Ct.

Try The best cards for the money; 50 for 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

Ladies'-Department.

FASHION CHAT.

AN essential point in the present modes that should always be kept in mind is, that elegance does not in all cases depend upon abundance of draperies, but rather on the fashion in which they are disposed, and the material used, for simple styles, which always possess the most artistic for rich materials whose texture is incompatible with elaborate draperies.

Thus skirts of brocade, of velvet, of satin embroidered with beads, are always made in the fourreau style, as this cut permits no item of the rich pattern and artistic embroidery to be lost.

Rich materials without pattern, that is those which owe all their richness to texture and material, are more draped, but only as peplum tablliers or long paniers, arranged in as plain a style as possible, while, if a train is added, it falls straight from the waist, with no pleats or drapery.

An exquisite toilette, in the style of the middle ages, illustrates exactly the above remarks.

The whole toilette is artistic and picturesque, and in perfect taste and elegance.

The under corsage buttoning behind and moulding the figure like a glove; they are of pure white satin, the skirt and bodice embroidered in one splendid design, worked with glittering white beads, consisting of the leaves and buds of orange blossom arranged with great taste.

Round the neck is a collarette of orange blossom, and the skirt is edged with a thick garland of the same supported by a satin ruche.

The over corsage, with long sleeves, and a point behind, is of figured white velvet, open in front to show the satin under-corsage, and forming two small square basques at the sides.

The train, like a long court train, is of figured velvet, falling in rich folds, but without puff or drapery, straight from beneath the point of the corsage.

Silver lace trims the velvet corsage, falling softly over the satin slip beneath which glitter with beads; silver lace also edges the basques, the sleeves, and borders the velvet train from the waist.

A small bouquet of orange blossom is placed on the corsage, and the long veil of tulle illusion falls softly from beneath a wreath of orange blossom.

In spite of extreme richness there is an air of great simplicity in this really lovely toilette, due to the straightness of the satin slip, and simple elegance of the flowing velvet train, which allow none of the graceful undulating lines of the figure to be disguised or deformed.

The inclination towards figured and embroidered materials, especially velvets and satins, is becoming more pronounced every day.

Applications of velvet or plush are also seen on many materials.

Many ladies embroider their own dresses with applications, for it is artistic fancy work which no lady objects to do, while it has a distinctly useful end, saving a very large expense.

A skilled worker can soon embroider the front of a dress, performing at the same time a piece of fancy work as a pastime, and achieving a notable reduction in the couturiere's account.

Velvet cut into leaves, flowers, or whole sprays is applied on satin or ottoman; the edges of the applications are concealed beneath a line of small, sparkling beads, which also mark the veinings of the leaves and the hearts and petals of the flowers. Applications are in a darker or lighter shade of the satin ground, or in a totally distinct and contrasting shade—dead leaf or beetle brown on mastic, grenat on pink or moss green is a very favorite combination, gray velvet on pink satin, brown on old gold, black on violet, violet on mauve, etc.

The skirt of the following stylish toilette, worn at a very fashionable wedding consists of salmon velvet, covered with applications of moss green satin, two colors which combine beautifully together.

The skirt is deeply crenelated, to show an under-skirt of pleated green satin.

A small but very graceful satin drapery encircles the hips and forms a full puff and drapery behind, it is gathered on to the short pointed corsage of satin, which is open from neck to edge, with salmon velvet revers embroidered with satin applications, to show a full plastron of white lace, drawn into a blouse at the waist with ribbon, and then forming a graceful white drapery.

The upright satin collar is lined with white plain velvet, but the velvet paraments are embroidered like the skirt.

The chapeau is a Henri II. hat of green velvet, simply trimmed with a piece of shaded and yellow feathers.

Velveteen is perhaps the most fashionable of all materials for walking costumes, and is made up in many ways.

A very ladylike dress is of brown velveteen with three pleated flounces on the skirt, a short draped tablier caught up with silver crescents on the left side, and at the back on the right side and falling thence in pleated ends on each side of the puffed back drapery.

A draped fichu of velveteen crosses the front of the corsage beneath the puffed chemisette of brown surah, the right end terminating under the crescent on the left hip.

Another style is to have the skirt and corsage of velveteen, and the long draped tunic of light cloth, with a rich border of velvet application or chenille embroidery at the edge, and a plastron to correspond on the corsage.

In one model made in this way, short loose wing sleeves, of embroidered cloth partly cover the velveteen sleeves, and when the arms are at rest give in front the appearance of a cape joining the plastron.

Rich and elegant as outdoor and visiting costumes may be, the most coquettish and picturesque ideas of the couturiere are undeniably reserved for the indoor toilette, which is in a negligé style, but sufficiently rich to be worn at day receptions and even quiet dinners.

The dominant characteristic of the indoor dress is the Russian or Fedora blouse, which is usually of lace or soft satin; this is never absent, and the skirt is generally of the same material.

The rest of the dress consists of a kind of short redingote or trained princess dress, either of brocade, or of plain velvet or plush.

If plain, the satin plastron and skirt are of pompadour satin or embroidered silk.

Embroidered materials, whether beads or applications, are just as much used for evening toilettes as for rich reception and visiting dresses.

They are employed in the same way, for plain skirts and plastrons, the trains and corsages being of plain or embossed velvet.

Most evening dresses for middle-aged ladies have velvet trains, grenat, and old gold, grenat and salmon, brown and salmon, and pansy and mauve or heliotrope, being very fashionable combinations for velvet with satin or faille.

The tabliers for many evening dresses are of silk, embroidered by hand in satin stitch.

For instance, a satin skirt of soft mastic tint is embroidered with graceful sprays of fuchsia, with buds and leaves in all the correct shades of silk; but what is called high-art work is now seldom seen on dresses.

All embroideries in relief are fashionable for robings, tabliers, and plastrons, especially if worked entirely or partly with beads, which have a very brilliant effect in a ball room.

Many toilettes are trimmed with lace to match which sparkles with beads. Velvet, satin, ottoman, poking with velvet and satin stripes, brocke, damask, brocades, all are used for evening wear, combined one with another or very stylish toilettes.

Trimming for all purposes keep pace with the richness of embroideries.

Fringes and passementeries, whether for dresses or mantles, of chenille or beads, or both together, have attained an unusual height of luxury this winter.

Handsome trimmings are required for mantles, but jackets and redingotes are much more simple, and are either bordered with bands of fur, or simply ornamented with brandenburghs and cords.

The favorite vetement, at any rate among younger ladies, is decidedly the redingote, which is more in favor this winter than ever.

A tall, elegant figure never looks so well as when thus attired, for the redingote moulds the figure, showing the graceful lines of bust and shoulder better than any other vetement.

While the weather is not severe ladies wear a long redingote of stamped velvet, the shoulders protected by a fur pelerine. A handsome skirt to harmonize well with the redingote is worn beneath, but no corsage is needed.

Fireside Chat.

TABLE DECORATIONS.

TO MAKE home bright, cheerful, and beautiful, is assuredly one of women's primary duties; but to be successful in fulfilling this duty a good deal of time and thought must be given to the subject. There are so many ways in which we can beautify our surroundings, so many opportunities are constantly recurring, that if we take advantage of them we cannot fail to enliven and improve even the dullest of dull houses.

We do not, however, intend to take up our space with remarks of a general kind; we would rather try if we can help, by a few practical words, those housewives who, acknowledging their obligations in this matter, are yet sometimes at a loss to tell what to find in the way of novelties.

In the present paper we intend to deal exclusively with table decorations, although in doing so we do not mean to confine ourselves merely to the consideration of the filling of silver epergnes and exquisitely engraved flower-vases mounted on golden stands.

Those who possess such valuable articles probably possess also the means wherewith to send to the most renowned florists for a supply of the rarest hothouse blossoms, and with such materials, if they have any taste whatever, they can scarcely avoid making a creditable display.

Nothing can take the place of flowers. Their lovely varied tints and graceful foliage make a decoration that cannot be equalled by any substitutes, natural or artificial.

Then, too, no table can look well, however rich may be the appearances, unless the linen is pure and spotless.

No irregularity should mar the straight lines of the creases.

A table-cloth that has seen its best days and some of its worst as well, if fresh and clean, is preferable to a new one tumbled and soiled.

And it must be put on carefully, with the centre crease exactly in the middle of the table; it is enough to spoil the flavor of the best-cooked viands to sit down in front of a cloth laid askew, and almost enough to make the most indifferent lose at least some of their appetite for the meal—be it ever so tempting.

A large embroidered monogram is admirable in one corner of the cloth; the crest may occupy the other, or the crest may be placed above the monogram; whichever plan is adopted, it must be carried out on a large scale if it is to be effective.

The serviettes naturally claim our next attention.

These look well when flatly folded on the table if the centre is worked with the monogram—the centre, that is, of the outer square when the serviette is folded.

For the breakfast-table we like the simply laid, but for dinner most will agree that they should be more elaborately folded.

To our thinking the neat tall pyramid is one of the best forms, and it is more uncommonly used than the mitre or the shoe.

The serviettes should be large, and they should be quite square, or it will be found awkward to fold them up in the different styles.

As a last word on table-linen, let us say that it should be of the very finest quality, then, if well got up, it looks almost like white satin, so soft and shiny is the surface; and the pattern should be unobtrusive yet well defined.

A fashion that now-a-days finds favor is to lay a strip of plush on either side of the table; the color, it is almost needless to say, should harmonize with the room decorations.

To choose a shade simply because it is pretty without any regard to its surroundings would be an act of simple folly, for the appearance of the room would be quite spoilt if the table-strip did not agree with the curtains, etc.

Were a wrong tint used, a casual observer might not be able to tell at once what seemed to him objectionable in the room when he entered it at the appointed dinner-hour; but he would feel the incongruity of the juxtaposed colors; there would be no repose because the eye would not be satisfied.

In choosing the plush we must remember that for a large part of the year many of us dine by artificial light; therefore it will be necessary to consider, when making our purchases, what colors will be least affected by gas or candle-light.

Some persons are so fond of blue, they would have it everywhere, on their bonnets and on their chairs; but charming as it is in the day time, it is not a color that lights up well.

At the risk of seeming showy in our taste, we would rather advise that a deep ruby or maroon be selected, as doubtless these will prove on trial to be far more appropriate for the purpose; the red tells well against the green foliage of plants, as no blue would do.

The strip of plush may vary in width according to the width of the table, and also to suit the fancy of the housewife.

It may be bordered with cord or gold lace: the latter will produce a good effect on the white damask; or, what is a more elegant style to our idea, it may be simply bordered with a garland of real leaves; but the latter plan labors under the disadvantage of the work having to be done each time the plush is used, while the corded or lace-edged strip is always ready for use. Cut flowers may be placed at intervals on the plush band, or little flower-glasses, raised on three feet, filled with light foliage and two or three blooms, can be placed on the plush, one in front of each guest.

WHY is an old oak tree like a tight shoe? Because it produces a corn.

Correspondence.

HELENA.—You should not read in bed; it injures the eyes. Flowers and shrubs should be excluded from the bedroom.

PLANCHE.—As you have the father's consent, marry the girl. The mother may annoy you and her daughter, but can not prevent your marriage.

CORNELLA.—A gourmand is a glutton, a greedy feeder, one who looks more to the quantity than the quality of his food. A gourmet, on the contrary, is an epicure.

BELAH.—The quotation, "In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail!" occurs in Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu."

EILEEN.—If a young lady does not want her escort to accompany her into the house, she can dismiss him with some kindly expression of her hope of seeing him soon again.

MEG.—An optimist is one who believes that everything in the universe, being the work of a perfect being, is the best that could be devised; and that events being controlled by the same almighty hand, will ultimately be for the benefit of mankind.

D. WILLS.—Exhibiting a will before the properly appointed officer and obtaining an office or proved copy is called obtaining probate. The original will is retained in the registry of the court, and the executors act on the authority of the proved copy.

MARIE.—Censoriousness implies exaggeration, sourness, envy, malevolence, and pride. The character of every individual resembles a cross, formed of gold on one side, and iron on the other. The censorious obstinately take their station on the iron side.

GRECIAN.—The saying is a Scottish one—"Great cry and little woo," as the soutar said when he clippit a dog. Soutar means shoemaker, and the phrase doubtless arose in times when shoemakers were indebted for the bristles which form the flexible needles to their thread, to native swine.

JEREMY.—A man may become his own grandfather thus:—A widower and his son married the father marries the daughter of a widow, and the son marries the young lady's mother, thereby becoming father (in law) to his own father, and consequently grandfather to his father's son—that is, himself.

L. V. O.—We should certainly advise you to pursue your present advocation, and renounce the idea of change. Depend upon it, you will not improve your condition by adopting the project you have formed. Follow our advice, and in less than a year you will write and thank us for having given you such counsel.

CROESUS.—Dee's Speculum was a mirror which Dr. John Dee asserted was brought to him by the angels Raphael and Gabriel. At the death of the doctor it passed into the hands of Horace Walpole, and is now, we believe, in the British Museum. It is described as a flat polished mineral like Cannel coal, of a circular form, fitted with a handle.

S. E.—The knout is a very heavy thong as thick as a man's wrist, and weighing from two to three pounds; the lash is of leather, about the breath of a broad tape, and narrowing at the end: and the handle is about two feet long. Russian executioners have asserted that they could, without any remarkable effort on their parts, kill the strongest man with only three blows of this dreadful instrument.

DUNCAN.—Yours is precisely a case in which we should earnestly and strenuously recommend you to stay at home. You say that you could turn your hand to farming, but without a previous knowledge of agricultural pursuits you would be very wrong to give up the certainty you enjoy in England and encounter the risks which would be attendant upon emigration in your case.

GUARD.—The leading of the charger of the deceased at the funeral of a cavalry officer is a relic of the old custom of sacrificing a horse at the burial of a warrior. The last record of this custom being followed refers to the burial in France in 1781 of General Kastner, when the General's charger was killed by a hunting knife, and the dead animal thrown into the grave upon the coffin.

REMINGTON.—If your poem was of sufficient merit, we would insert it without any hesitancy whatever, but it is of the usual amateur kind—a sacrifice of sense to rhyme. In the second line of the first verse you use the words, "From the bottom of your heart," (we should like to know the particular value of the bottom of the heart), and in the last line you rhyme the word with "that really loving part." It is absurd.

AMBITION.—If you would write to any purpose, you must be perfectly free from without in the first place, and yet more free from within. Give yourself the natural rein: think on no pattern, no paper, no press, no public; think on nothing, but follow your own impulses. Give yourself, as you are, what you are, and how you see it. Every man sees with his own eyes, or does not see at all. Write often, and read much.

ANDRE.—No; if in the public streets, being in company with a friend, you meet an acquaintance, do not commit the error of introducing them, unless such a desire has been mutually expressed. Through non-observance of this rule a very unpleasant incident once occurred to a Mr. B., who, walking with a friend, happened to meet Captain G., an acquaintance of B.'s companion. The latter, thinking it was necessary to introduce the two gentlemen, improperly did so, when, to his astonishment, Mr. B. turned upon his heel, muttering, "I know the rascal already too well, and to my cost."

D. V.—You should write a letter stating, in earnest and feeling, but not servile language, that you are truly sorry if you have given any offence. You may gently remind your angry admirer that the cause of dispute is really very trivial, and that any fault on your side has been more than adequately punished by the anxiety, vexation, and sorrow occasioned by his retaliatory behavior. You can also appeal to his good feelings not to prolong a state of disagreement and misunderstanding which is incompatible with a truly generous spirit; and, if he be really of a good disposition, he will hasten to respond to you in an equally frank, ingenuous, and conciliatory style. But should he still continue moody and obstinate after the receipt of such a letter, his conduct will prove a bad disposition, and you may thank your stars that you have lost a lover who would assuredly make a disagreeable husband.